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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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WHITHER?

Are you living with a purpose, is it right?
Have you plans for all your future, day and night?
Are your methods straight and square?
Are your motives pure and fair?
Are you throwing life away?
Are you wearing false array?
Are you satisfied or not,
With your lot?
Stop and think!

There are many lives just drifting from the shore
Caring little where they go or what explore;
Lives that seem aglow with force,
Wavering in uncertain course,
Floating with the fickle tide,
Out on wild tol ocean wide;
Sails of paper, ropes of sand,
Far from land—
Will they sink?

There are other lives pursuing fame and gold,
Power's scepter madly seeking, young and old—
They are striding blindly on,
Some excited, others wan,
As the bubble shines and glows.
Will they grasp it, ah! who knows?
What a selfish, worthless plan
Is life's plan
As they think.

Still another class of painted butterflies
Fluttering jilly in life's gentle summer skies,
Sipping only honeyed food,
Not a care does life include—
Pleasure seeking, transient bliss,
Life to them a rose's kiss—
Ah! it's pity they must need
For indeed,
They don't think.

O, to sail toward some harbor calm and deep,
Where the ship of life could ever gently sleep,
Where the sunshine of content
Gilds the ripple born has lent,
To the bosom of faith's sea,
Softly rocking you and me,
Were a joyous cruise to take,
For love's sake,
I should think
—George H. Brown, in Inter Ocean.

BARITONE'S WIDOW.

How a Mercenary Lover Received His Just Deserts.

The cool June light was sifting through the screen of grape-leaves that valled the mille-room window from the inquisitive glare of the sun; the bunch of scarlet field-lilies in the handless blue pitcher was scarcely faded yet; and Columbine Carter, skimming the leathery folds of wrinkling cream from the broad pans, wore a heightened color on her cheeks as she listened to Miss Decima Johnson's words.

"Will Hamerslie going to marry the widow Baritone?" said she. "I don't believe a word of it!"

"You can believe it or not, just as you choose, Biny Carter," said Miss Decima, bridling; "but it's as true as the text of Parson Dillingham's next Sunday sermon. Why shouldn't he marry her, I'd like to know?"

Biny Carter—pronounced "Beeny"—was fair and plump and smooth-skinned, with tender blue eyes, and lips redder than any wild plum. Miss Decima was sallow and spectacled, with angles enough for a new edition of "Euclid."

"One reason is," Biny answered, slowly, "that he is engaged to *me*."

"That don't make no difference," said Miss Decima, with a malicious chuckle; "now that breach-o'-promise cases are out of fashion men think they can do as they please. And Mrs. Baritone is a very nice-looking woman yet, if she *is* gone sixty, and you know there's the legacy she's just received from old Uncle Baritone's bachelor brother, up in Utica. And Will Hamerslie always did set store by money! His father, as everyone knows, was a miser before him!"

Biny Carter went on skimming her milk with compressed lips and a new sparkle in her eyes. She was too proud, before Decima Johnson, to let the tears fall, which were already obscuring her vision.

"Of course he can do as he pleases," said she.

"Oh, of course. Nobody doubts that," retorted Decima Johnson. "But the main thing I came for was to ask if you were going to the donation party to-morrow afternoon?"

"No," said Biny, shortly; "father does not approve of donation parties."

"Miss Baritone and Will Hamerslie are to be there," slyly suggested Miss Decima.

"Are they?" said Biny. "That makes no difference to me."

"Oh!" said Decima; and then, seeing old Squire Ball jogging past in his road wagon, she suddenly remembered that she had promised a crochet pattern to Mrs. Ball; and, taking a hurried leave of Biny Carter, she bounced out into the fervid summer glow of the outside world and disappeared.

Then, and not until then, Biny sat down by a bubbling little spring walled up in the corner of the milk-room and cried.

"Are all men like that, I wonder?" said Biny, addressing her own reflection in the limpid pool. "If they are, I think I'll go and be a nun. Mrs. Baritone, indeed! A woman old enough to be his mother! And the widow of that drunken old fiddler who fell over the Lime Cliffs, three years ago, and perished as miserably as he had lived. And all because of—a legacy! Oh, I've no patience with people!"

And then Biny cried harder than ever, and tried to convince herself that the whole story was not true, but only an offshot of Decima Johnson's imagination.

But it *was* true. In some things Miss Decima Johnson's tongue had only borne a correct witness. Willard Hamerslie had inherited somewhat of his miserly father's griping, grinding temperament. He was emphatically a money worshiper, and had allowed himself to be dazzled by the widow Baritone's legacy.

Mrs. Baritone herself was a trim, neat-waisted little woman, who looked many years younger than her actual age. People were uncharitable enough to say that she had become young since the sudden death of her husband, whose numerous faults and backslidings had kept her perpetually on the ragged edge of apprehension.

"He was a trial, Baritone was," confessed the widow, candidly. "There ain't no denyin' that. But I never knew how much store I set by him until they brought home his poor, battered hat out of the lime kiln, and told me that was all that was left of him! Poor, dear Baritone! He always said that women hadn't no business to marry again; but he never could have foreseen this legacy. How is a poor female to invest it without a little advice? And, really, Mr. Hamerslie is so pressing; and I've lived a solitary life for three years, come next October, and—"

The last conjunction was swallowed up in a deep sigh. Plainly, the citadel which represented the widow Baritone's heart was about to surrender at discretion.

She sat there in the neatly kept kitchen, knitting away, in her black calico gown and black-ribboned cap, when Mr. Hamerslie came in that afternoon. How was she to know that he had just been closing up that little account in love's ledger with Columbine Carter? How was she to dream of Biny's scornful tears, her indignant rejection of the man's miserable subterfuges?

"You have never loved me," said Biny. "If you had, you never could have left me in this way. Go to your rich widow; I, for one, will never stand in your path. Nor shall I stoop to enlighten her as to the true character of the man she is about to marry."

So Biny had dismissed her lover. Will Hamerslie had winced a little. It was not the sort of parting which he had pictured to himself. It robbed him of all dignity and aplomb. But it couldn't be helped. Columbine was such an impetuous little thing that she never allowed him the opportunity to utter the smooth speech which he had so carefully committed to memory. It was awkward, but it was unavoidable.

Mrs. Baritone smiled broadly upon her young wooer as he entered her presence.

"So you've come back again," said she.

He sat down and took her hand.

"Do you think I could long remain away from *you*?"

"That's all nonsense," said Mrs. Baritone. But, nevertheless, she did not withdraw her hand.

"You promised me your answer to-day," said he. "You can imagine how eagerly I am waiting for it!"

"Well, really, I don't know what to say," simpered Mrs. Baritone. "If I believed you really loved me—"

"Can you doubt it, Melissa?" softly whispered Hamerslie, thinking of the ten-thousand-dollar-legacy from old Uncle Baritone's bachelor brother.

"But I'm so much older than you are."

"Love does not go by the calendar," reasoned Mr. Hamerslie, tenderly.

"And Baritone always objected to second marriages," persisted the widow.

"But Baritone is dead and gone!" impatiently retorted the lover. "What can *he* possibly have to do with it?"

Just then occurred one of those marvelous happenings which have given rise to the saying that "Truth is stranger than fiction." The front door—which, according to the rustic custom of the place, was never locked—swung slowly open, and in the doorway stood the well-known figure of—old Uncle Baritone himself!

"Hello, Melissa!" was his greeting. "You seem to be enjoyin' yourself pretty well! And who the dickens is *this* young man?"

Mrs. Baritone jumped up with a scream. Mr. Willard Hamerslie caught up the poker and straightway retreated behind the cooking-stove.

"If you are a ghost," screamed the widow, "don't come any nearer."

"If you are a tramp, get out of this house!" roared Hamerslie, brandishing the poker after the most threatening fashion.

"I ain't neither one nor the other," said the apparition, leisurely seating itself. "It's me! Benjamin Baritone, as everybody supposed was killed in the lime pits! But I wasn't; I had the luck to tumble out of the kilns, as I'd tumbled in, and I was that ashamed, as I took myself off for good and all, says I to myself: 'Old fellow, your wife is ashamed of you, and so is everybody else. And you ain't of no use in the world, except to go fiddling around to barn frolics and husking bees.' So I smashed my fiddle, and I ran away. But times is hard, and it ain't easy to pick up a livin' when a man gets to my time of life, so here I am back again! And I've signed the temperance pledge, and I mean to stick to it, this time. Give me a kiss, old girl!"

And so the widow Baritone was a widow no longer.

"Won't you stay to supper, young man?" said old Uncle Baritone, hospitably, as he saw Will Hamerslie feeling about for his hat under the table. But Mr. Hamerslie declined the invitation.

Mr. Baritone enjoyed the legacy, himself—nor was his wife altogether dissatisfied at the unexpected turn which things had taken.

"He always was a good husband," said she, "except in the matter of ardent spirits. And in that there particular he's a reformed man. And really no one couldn't imagine how cheerful his fiddle sounds about the house, when I'm a-doin' of the chores."

But Will Hamerslie was less reconciled to fate. He had lost the widow—and Columbine Carter would have nothing more to say to him.

"I want no second-hand lover," said Biny, laughing. And when Hamerslie saw her laugh, he knew that love was fled.

He was right. Within six months, Columbine was married to a young lawyer who had come down from Albany to search some title-deeds in the courthouse records. And our luckless hero was left with neither wife nor legacy.

So run the fortunes of Love!—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

COMMERCIAL INTERESTS.

PENNSYLVANIA coal sells in Italy cheaper than Welsh coal.

OLIVE oil is being shipped from southern California to fill orders in England.

MOLASSES can be brought from Cuba in a tank vessel for two cents a gallon.

A LARGE firm in Germany has sent to a dealer in San Diego, Cal., for six thousand cactus plants of many varieties.

MORE than eighteen thousand gallons of brandy were recently shipped in one lot from Sacramento, Cal., to Bremen, Germany.

The Pious Russian.

The Russian is a very religious man. Whenever he leaves his cottage or enters it he will bow before the image of a saint that invariably has its place in a corner at the window, and before which a small lamp is constantly burning. Never will he touch any food or drink until he has made the sign of the holy cross; that takes the place of prayer and is not done without thinking of the Creator.

AN UNUSUAL LEGACY.

Peter Horace and His Unprofitable Speculation.

It had been for some months a mooted question in the little village of Glendale who would fall heir to Aunt Martha Marvale's money when she died.

There were her two nieces, the nearest of kin, in the first place. One, Miss Bertha Marvale, an amiable young lady, who was immensely proper and respectable, and had been very dutiful in her attendance upon her invalid aunt. The other, a wee bit of a maiden, with sunny eyes, and short dancing curls, who taught school for her own and her mother's support, and did not seem to mind it at all, she was always so bright and winsome. She had done nothing in particular for her aunt except to make sunshine in the prim old rooms by occasional visits, and in a saucy, inveigling sort of way to get herself very much liked by the eccentric old lady; it was very hard to see upon what grounds Miss Dot Mayburne based her expectation, so the neighbors said.

And now the good, queer Miss Martha Marvale was dead, and buried with due solemnity and proper gloom. Soon it would be known who was the fortunate possessor of her fabulous wealth—for "fabulous" it had become, under the busy tongues of interested friends and acquaintances. To be sure, she had never made a display of riches, and no one in Glendale had ever seen her money except in quite meager sums. But she was known to have been quite miserly in her habits, and no doubt had large amounts stowed away in odd corners.

The lawyer sat at the head of the room rattling the important document ominously. Miss Marvale sat in the high-backed chair, looking pale, melancholy and severe in her new and fashionable mourning dress. Mr. Peter Horace, a gentleman who never in his life had evinced a liking for anything but money until he met Miss Marvale, sat attentively near.

Dot Mayburne, in doleful black, reclined in the uncompromising recesses of the big, stiff old sofa, with a sadness in her pretty face that appealed to every tender heart in her presence. Willard Hayes, a young and penniless physician, and her most devoted admirer, supported her, figuratively speaking, of course, on her left. The deacons of the church sat in decorous silence, and one or two "oldest inhabitants" occupied the spare corners of the room. The reading began.

After the usual preliminaries it was found that all of Martha Marvale's real estate, moneys and personal property were left unconditionally to her beloved niece, Dorothea Mayburne, excepting a few insignificant legacies to church and friends. To Bertha Marvale, in consideration of affectionate attention, she willed her favorite footstool. Its many dear associations, the fact that she had seen it for years the support of her aunt's wearied feet, would endear it to her, and, as she had often expressed a pious contempt for carnal wealth, she would prize it above all earthly dross.

The whole fortune was not a munificent one, after all, and even Dot was not a rich woman, and she could only open her blue eyes in wonder while Willard Hayes smiled brightly upon her and whispered his congratulations. Miss Marvale's face was buried in her black-edged handkerchief, and no one could tell how she was affected. Mr. Horace's face was a picture of blank dismay. The deacons looked glum, and said not a word. Everybody seemed inclined to get out of the way with as little ceremony as possible, and soon the cousins were left alone.

"I hope, Cousin Bertha, you will always make this house your home," Dot began, timidly. "You know this is as great a surprise to me as to you, and, while I am glad of a home and comforts for mamma, I do not want you to be poor or homeless. Can't we all live together?"

"No, we can't all live together," snapped Bertha, coming out from behind her pocket handkerchief. "You are a little underhand cheat, and I wouldn't accept charity from you if I were starving! And it is not necessary, as I am engaged, and Mr. Horace is amply able to see that I do not come to want."

Dot retired, overcome by the stupendous intelligence, as Miss Marvale intended she should be.

"I am sure I congratulate you," she murmured, "and I hope if you ever need a friend you will not hesitate—"

"Bother your friendship!" exclaimed the irate lady, rising: "I think we can dispense with each other's company, and as I cannot ask you to leave your own house I will take the liberty of retiring myself."

That evening the will was discussed over a hundred tea-tables, and many queries, wonderings and "I told you so's" passed to and fro. What the old lady had seen to admire in Dot so much, what had become of all the wealth she was supposed to have owned, why she had left a paltry old ottoman to Bertha, who had been so faithful, and so forth, were all dutifully discussed, and left as unsatisfactorily disposed of as before.

In a little meager private office down town Mr. Peter Horace sat, with his head resting dejectedly in his hands and a general air of forlorn despondency in his attitude. He had for forty years loved himself, his money and his single blessedness more than anything else on earth. If ever a woman had stirred the region under his shirt-front where his heart is supposed to beat it was pretty, saucy, gay little Dot Mayburne. And yet he had deliberately engaged himself to marry a plain, prim, elderly maiden, who possessed nothing in the world more valuable than a wornout foot stool.

What a donkey he had been! And how had it come about? Why was not Bertha Marvale the heiress, as he had calculated upon? The old lady's money seemed not entirely accounted for, either. Bertha had lived in the house for years, and he had deemed her a person of great good sense; yet she must have tangled in her management somehow.

Then he burrowed deeper in his outstretched arms, and thought it all over again. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. Did not people invariably, in stories and romances, who had queer old legacies left them knock them to pieces, sooner or later, by accident, or in a fit of ill temper, and find them stuffed full of gold pieces?

This was certainly the solution of the eccentric gift, and also accounted for the missing wealth which everybody seemed so sure existed somewhere. He sprang up and paced the room in a sprightly manner quite at variance with his former moody demeanor.

"I will play the disinterested lover," he said; "I will swear to be true, come weal or come woe, and thus gain the approbation of the entire community. I'll marry the poor, disinherited Bertha Marvale, and at the very first dawning of matrimonial infelicity I'll kick that beastly footstool viciously across the floor. Then won't I be astonished to see the papers and gold roll out? Won't I clasp my tearful companion in my arms, magnanimously forgive her, and calmly take possession of her fortune? What a lucky idea of mine that was!"

Miss Marvale was deeply gratified at being assured of her lover's devotion and disinterestedness, and her spirits and dignity rose in proportion. Indeed, she carried herself in the presence of her unpretending cousin as though she were the heiress and Dot the insignificant possessor of a footstool. She claimed the right to remain in the house which had been her home so long till she should be married from it, and, as far as appearances went, might as well have been the mistress of Marvale Mansion.

Mr. Horace rented a pretentious house and furnished it completely, referring with beautiful deference to his betrothed's taste in everything.

"Be sure and bring your footstool," he said, playfully, "and we will dedicate a whole corner to it. I would not keep house without it for the world." And Miss Marvale thought this very delicate in him, as it might naturally be supposed the stool would be a disagreeable object.

They were married, and the wedding was the "event of the season." Dot was not invited, but she was busily engaged elsewhere, and did not mind the neglect; and, when Bertha left the old house to enter her brand new home, Dot and her happy husband, Willard Hayes, moved in.

For a few weeks everything went on smoothly. Mrs. Horace carried herself with a great deal of dignity, as became the newly-wedded wife of a well-to-do money lender and the mistress of a handsome new residence. Indeed, the fashionable people of the place paid her more attention than they did the real heiress, who was so little like a wealthy matron that the fact was almost forgotten.

Mr. Horace bore his happiness quietly and contained himself with patience. Perhaps he was a little irritable in the privacy of the domestic circle, but he was only preparing for the grand moment when it would be appropriate to "kick that beastly stool clear across the room." To be sure, he might have suggested to his wife that they examine the stool, and see if it contained anything of value; but she would perhaps laugh at his whim, and would not allow it to be spoiled, and when the wealth was found she might suspect him of knowing something about it and of marrying her for it; and, as he rather preferred peace to unnecessary squabbling, he wished the discovery to come about accidentally.

At last, one evening, he found it standing directly in his way. Bertha, looking apprehensively at her husband's stern countenance, hastened to remove it, but he was too quick for her. A well-applied and forcible kick sent it dancing across the room, where it was shattered against the marble fireplace. Mr Horace eagerly sprang to the spot, where Bertha regretfully followed him.

He did look at it in amazement, as he had often pictured himself doing, but the amazement was very genuine. He grasped each piece and shook it fiercely; he tore everything apart that could be torn apart with furious haste. Alas! in vain! At his feet lay a heap of broken mahogany, torn purple velvet and dusty horsehair—nothing more—nothing less.

"What do you mean? What did you expect to find?" asked Bertha, with trembling lips.

"Your aunt's legacy. I've been fooled—trapped—I won't stand it! What have you done among you with all her money? She couldn't have carried it with her."

Peter Horace was angry enough as he strode up and down the room to have demolished forty ottomans, and Bertha went into hysterics on the sofa. It was a dreadful blow to her vanity to think that she had not been "married for herself alone," after all; they had a terrible scene, but finally a sort of reconciliation was patched up. Both were too respectable to let the world know of their disappointment, and they agreed to keep the fate of her aunt's legacy a secret.

Bertha owned that the old lady had given her five hundred dollars before she died, telling her she was not as rich as had been supposed, and that was probably all she would ever receive from her.—Yankee Blade.

Foreign Workmen at the Fair.

An interesting question in relation to the admission of foreign laborers who come with exhibits to the fair was discussed recently by the committee on federal legislation. Many of the semi-official displays, such as the "Street Scene in Cairo," which is designed to furnish a picture of life in Egypt, will be practically valueless unless natives of those countries can come with those exhibits. There will be a large number of such displays at the fair, and in addition to these many other exhibitors will want to bring native mechanics and attendants. The treasury department at Washington made a ruling several months ago that certain classes of foreign workmen may be admitted, but a further expression of opinion is desired, and Secretary Foster will be asked for additional information on the subject. Director Edwin Walker feels confident that the decision will be favorable to those who have secured concessions to operate such attractions as the "Street Scene in Cairo."

A Negro's Skin.

The function of a negro's black skin is supposed to be the conversion of the sun's light into heat. The heat thus generated remains in the skin and does not penetrate to the deeper tissues. Being thus provided with a sun-proof armor the negro can stand an amount of heat that would be fatal to a white man and run little or no risk of sunstroke.

A HUSBAND'S TRIALS.

I've been doing woman's work for at least a week, or more;
And I'll own it isn't anything like fun,
For when you try to think that your labor's nearly o'er,
You will often find you've only just begun.
There is sweeping and bed-making,
And a thousand other duties not understood
By such a notion as I.
And so I won't deny
That I would not be a woman if I could.

This is how it came about: My wife was taken sick;
No help was to be had, so, like a dunce,
I thought I'd try my hand, but I found out very quick,
That I couldn't think of everything at once.
The fire was slow to kindle,
When I went to get the coffee grinding,
And the cat was under foot
While the apple that was roasting
Was a plaything for the pup, upon the bed.

When I went to wash the dishes, I found the kettle dry;
The yeast was melted off, and on the floor
It lay a perfect wreck, that awoke a pensive sigh,
As I thought upon the happy days of yore.
I reflected on the folly
Of doing the work myself like this,
And I couldn't help but envy other plan.
It might be useful knowledge,
But the work shuns a kitchen,
Is not within the scope of common man.

So I'd like to mention this to every friend and neighbor,
That woman's work is never overdrawn;
My respect is something greater for the housewife's daily labor
Since the trials I have lately undergone.
Their wages are not substantial,
For I've been informed,
And I'm bound to help them every time I can.
There's a recompense in doing
What others do in God's pastime,
And woman's loving labor is a blessing unto man.
—Geo. W. Shipman, in Housekeeper.

SHIRLEY'S VACATION.

A Sacrifice That Brought Its Own Reward.

"What amuses you, Shirley?" asked the head bookkeeper, as he looked up from his big ledger and saw a smile on the boy's face opposite.

"I—I just landed a five-pound bass," said Shirley, laughing and blushing a little.

"Um—ah! Did it pull very hard?"

"Fearful!" said Shirley.

All through the year Shirley Holmes had been saving the money for his trip. He was assistant bookkeeper for Brown Bros. & Bridges' wholesale house on West Pearl street, where he had been since graduating from the commercial college, two years before.

Shirley was an orphan. The small means left him by his parents had been exhausted before his education had been completed, so that his first year's savings had been used to repay money advanced him by an uncle to complete his course.

His savings, this year, he was investing in building stock, with the exception of one dollar weekly, which he put aside for no other purpose than a trip to the bass streams of the Alleghanies. He was very fond of fishing, and had been reckoned an expert as a boy. He had not taken a day off since he left school, and he felt that a holiday was his due.

All through the dark winter days, as he pondered over the long rows of figures, he paused now and then to muse for a moment of green mountains, blue skies, clear, rushing water, and to feel in imagination the tug and swish of the trout line and the rapid click of the running reel. Then his eyes would sparkle for a moment and he was no longer in the dim and dusty little office.

But only for a moment, for the long columns of figures were waiting, and Shirley had a feeling of friendliness for them, knowing that it was through their mute assistance that his dream would be realized.

All through the spring and early summer he pondered over the big books and thought of the cool mountains. He had asked for his vacation in August, and his request had been granted. He had calculated that the fifty-two dollars would pay his expenses. He had figured it out over and over, and he knew the items by heart.

There were excursion rates to the mountains, and his round-trip ticket would cost him, twelve dollars. Then there was his board at a farmhouse, which he calculated at twenty dollars. He could get a good rod, reel and line for ten dollars, and for general items he allowed as much more.

"I think that will cover everything," he said to himself. "I shall begin to get my things together to-morrow, and in a week I will be on the way."

That night, as they closed the books, the head bookkeeper said to him:

"Shirley, have you been to see Everett Harris lately?"

"No," said Shirley, guiltily. "But I will go to-night. How is he?"

"Not very well, poor fellow! He doesn't improve much, I'm afraid. The city now is so hot, you know, and the doctor says the dust and smoke are bad for him. He coughs a good deal, and you know what that leads to."

"Yes," said Shirley, feeling as if a pressure were on his own lungs. "I should think so."

Everett Harris had been their shipping-clerk. He was a tender-hearted, good-natured fellow, whom Shirley had always liked for his out-spoken, friendly way. He was not very strong, however, and one day during the winter had contracted a severe cold, termunating in pneumonia. This attack he had overcome, but it had left him very weak and with a disagreeable cough.

His mother, a widow with a small pension, had found it a hard matter to live without her son's assistance, although Everett's employer had generously assumed his drug and doctor bills, while employes, from time to time, sent or carried such books and delicacies as he could enjoy.

Shirley had visited Everett very regularly until the last few weeks, during which time the prospects and preparations for his outing had occupied his evenings almost to the exclusion of everything else, and what with reading up on the different streams and fishing apparatus, he had forgotten poor Everett almost entirely. Yes, he would go to see him to-night without fail.

After supper, Shirley went to the market and filled a basket with fresh, ripe fruit; then he hurried off to atone for his neglect.

"Poor Everett," he thought, "sick and cooped up in the city, while I am going off for a month in the mountains, and here I forgot all about him. How selfish people are, anyway!"

By and by, he climbed three flights of stairs to a close little flat where Harris and her son lived. You had been there for a week, now. We thought—had enough for a week of this hot weather. Clara was not said it—and once more he thought of the cool mountains and of the dashing where he was going.

Everett was overjoyed to see and the tender-hearted fellow was little as he thanked him for the Shirley sat down by him and morseful. They talked of matters of the store, and the stories of folk as Shirley told some amusing that had happened lately.

"You know young Bridges, your work," he said, hesitating.

"Yes, you told me," replied Everett, with a little sigh.

"Well, he doesn't like it very well but his father wouldn't get anybody your place. He and Charlie seem as well as ever. I had lots of trouble at first, but along pretty well now. He's a fellow, either, but an awful dandy—wears a silk hat and patent leathers—

"Yes, I know; and I recollect he fell down in the mud and came into the office nearly crying."

"Yes—well—and you know big Roger, the draymen?"

"Oh, yes; Roger has been to see twice. The last time he brought a sausage over a foot long. He made it, and thought it would be good."

Shirley laughed at the idea of sausages for sick diet till the tears came.

"I suppose you ate the sausage, he said, at last.

"No, I'm keeping it for next summer."

"But I was going to tell you, Charlie Bridges," said Shirley, "one evening Roger was coming in the door to make out some shipping and went over to the corner where it's rather dark; you know, it sit down on the stool there. Well, just as he plumped himself down, he felt something pop and squash and he jumped up like he was scared. It was Charlie's silk hat. Everybody laughed except Roger and Charlie. Roger was awful sorry, and offered to pay for it, while Charlie shed tears for he knew the money. The boys lifted him it better for that, and he and Roger as good friends as ever."

Everett laughed so heartily that began coughing in a way that set Shirley to the heart. His mother came with some water, and, when his cough was quieted, Shirley had grown grave and silent.

"What is the doctor doing for you?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Not much, now," said Everett, a little sadly. "He says I need to be out, and that, if I could get strength, my cough would stop."

Shirley continued to look grave and offered no reply.

"I must try and get back to work by September, continued Everett, with a little laugh. I have lost eight weeks now. It is terrible!" And tears came to the poor fellow's eyes.

"Where would you go for an outing, old man?" asked Shirley, after a pause.

"Oh, I don't know! I haven't considered it. Almost any place in the country where I could get away from this smoke and have fresh air. Yes, there is a place," he exclaimed, "where we used to live before we came to the city," and he glanced quickly at his mother, who bent low over her sewing and did not seem to be listening. "I should like to go there," he continued. "It is about fifty miles north of here, and there are lots of lakes and a little stream where I used to catch perch and chub. I should like to go there again and fish. I know people there, too, and I don't believe it would cost more than fifteen dollars a month for board." And the sick man's eyes shone at the thought of his old village and the stream with its perch and chub.

An hour before, Shirley would have laughed scornfully at such sport, but he did not laugh now. Pretty soon he said good-night to Everett and his mother, and walked home under the street lamps, thinking.

That night, when he got to his room, he made a new calculation. It ran as follows:

Three round-trip tickets to Pokeville.....$ 6 00
Board for three weeks each.....21 00
Fish-lines and hooks for perch and chub.....1 00
Total.....$28 00

Then he wrote a little note which he sealed, stamped and dropped into the mail box on the corner. It said:

"DEAR EVERETT,

"I am going to take a vacation in August, and as I will start company, I invite you to go with me—board your mother, of course, as I have been saving the money for a year, and have enough for a month's trip for myself. I can prepare to start next week. I will come to-morrow night and we can talk over matters then.

"Sincerely,
SHIRLEY."

Shirley Holmes never spent a happier month in his life than that which he spent with Everett and his mother at Pokeville. Everett seemed to get better from the first day, and before the month was over was thoroughly himself again.

Mrs. Harris visited with her old friends, while the young men spent whole days in the woods, sometimes fishing, sometimes just lying beneath the big trees.

When they returned to the city the hot, dusty weather was over, and they went back to work bronzed and strong, and such fast friends that they were called now "the inseparables." Next year they are going to the mountains together.—Albert Bigelow Paine, in Golden Days.

A Strange Deal.

A Madison (Wis.) young man became engaged to a young lady who resided in a neighboring city. He placed a beautiful diamond ring upon her finger as a token of his love, and as a tie which should bind their hearts in the bonds of sacred engagement. For awhile all things went smoothly and the lovers were apparently happy. In an evil hour the girl became attached to another suitor, broke her engagement with our Madison friend, and married the man of her choice. Naturally the disconsolate young man—her former lover—expected the return of his ring. He waited, and it came not. He wrote to her for it and she ignored his letter. He wrote again and still no reply. A third letter, with the same results. Finally the young man told a friend of the circumstances, and offered him his claim to the ring for twenty-five dollars. The friend accepted the offer and wrote to the ladies husband for the ring, but he refused to give it up. The purchaser then employed a lawyer to sue for it. Rather than have a lawsuit the parties gave up the case.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - AUGUST 19, 1892.

Democratic National Ticket.

For President,
GROVER CLEVELAND, New York.
For Vice-President,
ADLAI STEVENSON, Illinois.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Congressman at Large.
GEORGE A. ALLEN, Erie.
THOMAS P. MERRITT, Berks.

For Supreme Judge.
CRISTOPHER HEYDRICK, Venango.

For Electors at Large.
MORTIMER F. ELLIOTT, Tioga.
JNO. C. BULLITT, Philadelphia.
THOMAS B. KENNEDY, Franklin.
DAVID T. WILSON, Allegheny.

For District Electors.

Samuel G. Thompson,	Clement R. Wainright
Adam S. Conway,	Charles H. Lafferty,
W. Redwood Wright,	George R. Guss,
John O. James,	William Nolan,
James Duffey,	Charles D. Breck,
S. W. Trimmer,	Samuel S. Leiby,
Azur Lathrop,	F. C. Hipple,
Thomas Chalfant,	W. D. Hammelright,
P. H. Strubinger,	H. B. Piper,
Joseph D. Orr,	Charles A. Fagan,
Andrew A. Payton,	John D. Braden,
Michael Liebel,	Thomas McDowell,
J. K. P. Hall.	

Democratic County Ticket.

For Congress,
L. D. WOODRUFF.
(Subject to the Decision of the Democratic Congressional Conference.)
For Senate,
GEORGE E. CONRAD.
(Subject to the Decision of the Democratic Senatorial Conference.)
For Assembly,
S. W. ALLEN.
JAMES J. THOMAS.
For Prothonotary.
J. C. DARBY.
For Register and Recorder.
D. A. McGOUGH.
For District Attorney.
F. J. O'CONNOR.
For Poorhouse Director.
RAPHAEL HITE.
For Surveyor.
H. SCANLAN.

JUDGE GRESHAM denies that he will take the stump for the People's party, and refuses to discuss politics.

IT is announced that Senator David B. Hill will take the stump in October, and that his first speech will probably be made at a big meeting in Tammany Hall.

THE Susquehanna Iron Company and the Columbia Iron Company at Lancaster, Pa., started on Monday after six weeks suspension. The puddlers accepted a reduction of from $4 to $3.65 a ton. About six hundred men are employed at the two mills. Wages go down but the McKinley tariff remains the same.

ATTENTION is called to the fact that the present is the first time for half a century that New England has not had a representative in the cabinet, excepting only about five weeks under President Polk and during the summer of 1874 between the resignation of Secretary Richardson and the appointment of Postmaster General Jewell by General Grant.

JOHN G. WARWICK, representative in Congress from the Sixteenth district of Ohio, died at his rooms in the Riggs House in Washington about 9 o'clock no Sunday night. He was serving his first term in Congress as the successor of McKinley, whom he defeated after one of the most memorable and bitterly contested campaigns in the history of Ohio politics. He was a native of Ireland and about 62 years of age.

A BULLETIN issued by the census bureau shows that the increase in aggregate population for the United States as a whole during the decade from 1880 to 1890 was 24.86 per cent. The males of militia age, that is from 18 to 44 years, both inclusive, numbered 13,230,168 in in 1890, as against 10,231,239 in 1880. The males of voting age in 1890 numbered 16,940,311. They increased during the ten years 32.04 per cent.

THE Johnstown *Tribune* seems to be badly worried over the organization of the Democracy in this county this year. The selection of a chairman was not made soon enough to suit the *Tribune* and then when the selection was made it was not announced as the *Tribune* thinks it should have been. We trust the editor of the *Tribune* will take a dose of paregoric and calm down as he will have plenty to worry over after the election.

THE steamer Bertha brings advices of the following seizures made by the United States men-of-war in Behring Sea: The British schooner Mountain Chief, seized by the Adams for killing seals and violating the modus vivendi, delivered in charge of a British man-of-war; whaling bark Lydia, intercepted by the Richard Rush while taking newly-killed seals from aboard the whaling boat Northern Light—a prize crew was placed aboard and it was sent to Sitka.

AMONG the tin-plate works, says the Philadelphia *Herald*, which are represented to have numerously sprung into existence in this country under the stimulating effect of the McKinley tariff, was one that reared its mammoth proportions in Anderson, Indiana. It was pointed to as an illustration of the magic influence of protection, and was used to confront the arguments of those who contended that a tariff was powerless to create an industry where nature had not supplied any of the elements necessary for that industry. With the tariff organs the Anderson tin-plate works was one of the standing refutations of such arguments; but unfortunately it has not continued to stand, for some two weeks ago the sheriff levied on it and sold it out on a judgment of two hundred and eighty dollars and thirty cents, ($280.30.) It employed four men, three boys and eight girls. The material used was black plates imported from Wales, the tin in which they were dipped at this great establishment being necessarily imported, as America produces no tin.

WEEK before last the Pittsburg *Commercial* published a dispatch from a correspondent in Bellefonte stating that Thomas Collins, a well known Democrat of Bellefonte had declared his intention of voting for Harrison. The South Fork *Courier* republished the article, calling the attention of its readers to the fact that Mr. Collins was for many years a resident of Ebensburg, "that he had always been a Democrat, but that he could not swallow Grover's free trade policy."

Last week the *Watchman*, published at Bellefonte had the following to say about the article:

"Some fool correspondent of the Pittsburg *Commercial-Gazette*, whose desire to say something was greater than his respect for the truth, last week telegraphed that paper from this place, that Mr. Thomas Collins, one of the delegates from this district to the Chicago convention, had declared for Harrison. Mr. Collins was in Clearfield busy building railroads at the time and knew nothing of the report, until his return home on Saturday evening, when he immediately wired the *Commercial-Gazette*, denouncing the statement as untrue, without any foundation whatever and requesting the name of the lying author. Up to the present time this has not been furnished, and he is still in the dark as to who the dirty whelp was that attempted, in this way, to libel him and encourage Republicans. Mr. Collins is a Democrat. He is one of the kind that allows no personal preferences to interfere with his political faith, and while he would have preferred Governor Pattison as the nominee, Mr. Clevetand's nomination settled the matter and he is as earnestly for the Democratic ticket to-day as is any Democrat in this section.

Mr. Collins will not only vote and work for Cleveland but believes he will be elected, and in proof for this belief forwarded a check for $1,000 to the Pittsburg *Post* on Monday last, as a wager that he would not only carry New York but would be the next president. As yet it has found no Republican taker."

We trust the editor of the South Fork *Courier* who unwittingly libeled Mr. Collins by republishing the fabrication, will give its readers the benefit of the truth. He ought to do so injustice to himself, in justice to Mr. Collins, who has been libeled, and in justice to its readers who have been imposed upon.

THE locked-out men at Homestead, says the Pittsburg *Post*, are peculiarly favored this year in their appeals for public sympathy and material aid by the fact it is a presidential year. On the other hand the Carnegie company is catching it right and left, and from no ones with more vigor and zest than Republicans, alarmed at the Homestead object lesson in protection. The Amalgamated association evinces a purpose to take advantage of the situation, and is sending speakers and solicitors to every part of the country. The meetings attract the local politicians and party leaders, and the Republicans—especially in Ohio and New England—are particularly anxious to rid themselves of any suspiclon of sympathy for the Carnegie company, although at the same time, as part of the fat fried, the company is expected to put up as it never did before in aid of the Republican campaign. Nothing less than a check with six figures will be accepted from the Baron of Cluny Castle. The hundred thousand the is reported to have contributed in 1888 and the $40,000 to help McKinley through will not meet the demands this year. Mr. B. F. Jones has the matter in charge, and has very winning ways. On the other hand, judging from the movements in aid of the Amalgamated, the fund contributed to support the locked-out men in their position will largely exceed any labor fund ever before raised in this country.

THIS is what Chauncey Depew said of Cleveland less than a year ago. It is a good thing to quote to true Americans: "If I am to name the typical American, the man who loves and believes in his country beyond everything else; the man who, determining once in what direction his duty leads, cannot be swerved from the path, the man who is doggedly persistent in what he believes to be right; the man who thinks not of self, but of his country and its needs, I would name Grover Cleveland. What he has accomplished is the very highest tribute to the possibilities of American citizenship. A country lawyer in the city of Buffalo, he shed lustre upon the high profession which he had chosen. As a mayor of his native city he presented as his record a clean and economical administration. Coming into the highest position in the land without previous experience, and with scarcely a precedent to guide him in the conditions which surrounded him, he won the affection of his party and commanded the respect and admiration of his opponents. I find myself in one of the proudest positions of my life in being permitted to present to you Grover Cleveland as the typical American."

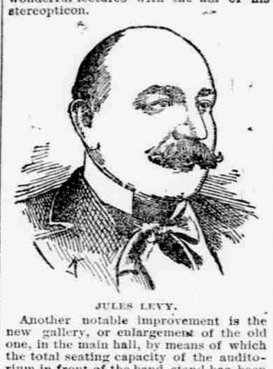
IN the last seven months the exports of petroleum from the United States, though increased in quantity by nearly 45,000,000 gallons, have declined in value from $25,478,530 to $23,140,115—a loss of upward of $2,250,000. While the Standard Oil Company endeavors to retain the crude petroleum for the sake of its valuable products, and to extend the market for refined oil, the English, French and Germans want the crude oil for the same reason. If the foreign manufacturers of refined oil cannot obtain the crude article hear on favorable terms they go to Russia for their supplies.

THE Chicago *Inter-Ocean* promptly sounds the alarm that British gold is about to be poured into the country to assist in the election of Mr. Cleveland. The announcement is several days overdue, but better late than never. It affords conclusive evidence that the campaign has begun.

(NEWS LETTER.)

PITTSBURG, Aug. 13. Of course Pittsburg is dull and dreadfully hot now, but there are signs of a festive awakening in the Fall already. During July and August all this growing city seems to be getting ready to do business in the latter half of the year. You go into the stores and you will find builders and painters in possession; glories of dry goods and millinery are eclipsed for the time. Though you cannot get in there to see, the interior of the theatres presents the same spectacle—the paint-brush is the sceptre of the king, and the gorgeous manager has to doff his hat to the decorator.

There is no place in Pittsburg where the hum of preparation during August is louder than in the huge pile of red brick at the point; and this year is no exception to the rule in the halls of the Exposition; where for many weeks already the workmen have been busy getting the great building into shape for the season now rapidly approaching. Every day sees an increase in the bustle and clamor at the Exposition, for the exhibitors have their booths and show-cases to prepare, and there is a race to see who shall surpass the record of the past, most of all. The management of the Exposition has set a good example to every one by making many important improvements, including a change or two that will be a genuine surprise to all who visit the Exposition next month. For instance, where the picture galleries were last year a beautiful little concert or lecture hall has been erected. It is entirely panelled from floor to ceiling with polished yellow pine, and consequently has an eminently cheerful air which will be enhanced by the display of incandescent electric lights upon the wall. Here it is that Professor Cromwell will give those wonderful lectures with the aid of his stereopticon.



JULES LEVY.

Another notable improvement is the new gallery, or enlargement of the old one, in the main hall, by means of which the total seating capacity of the auditorium in front of the band-stand has been raised to 3000. Talking of bands, it is a fact that the musical outlook in Pittsburg for the coming season is brighter than ever. There will be enough music to the superficial square inch in this city in September, for instance, to satisfy the most greedy music-lover. There will be melody and to spare in the Exposition from Wednesday evening, Sept. 7th, when it will be thrown open, till it closes on October 22d, for first the Great Levy and his superb band will be there, and from Oct. 3d to the Exposition's close the no less renowned Ellis Brooks will bring his corps of musicians to keep up the supply of concerts.

There are few things so generally enjoyed the world over as band music. Nobody seems too exalted, nobody too lowly to appreciate it. President Harrison hardly ever misses a military band concert in Washington; Queen Victoria, the other day, had the band of her favorite Grenadier Guards play for two hours in the garden of her Osborne palace, while she sat on a terrace near by alone. If a band, and none of the best, starts up a marching tune on a city street, everybody knows how staid merchants, and gamins from the gutter strive to get near it. The blare of a brass band will bring a crowd quicker than the eloquent invocation of a Demosthenes. The directors of the Exposition seem to have had an eye to this fact when they laid such stress upon the improvements in the neighborhood of the band-stand. Behind the stand itself mirrors have been arranged so as to display the brilliantly-uniformed musicians to the best anvantage. The balcony opposite has been carried forward on pillars and comfortable seats for hundreds provided, supplementing the accommodations upon the floor below for those who want to hear the concerts. It used to be a common complaint that there were not enough seats in the Exposition, but there will be no ground for it this year.

ELLIS BROOKS.

Usually the sitting posture and more or less perfect stillness are supposed to go together, but there is a plot on foot in the shadow of the Exposition to upset this notion. At the western end of the main building, in the center of the trim little park a huge merry-go-round, of the most modern pattern, run by steam, has been erected, and there the unique joys of flying through the air will be distributed. Taking everything into consideration, there will be more entertainment in the Exposition this season than there has been ever before. It is hardly necessary to tell anybody at this late day of Levy's wonderful ability as a cornetist, or to enlarge upon the excellency of the band of which he is leader. For years the high notes of Levy's cornet have been ringing through the world, and nobody has approached his mastery of that instrument Besides the concerts, and Prof. Cromwell's lectures—which are so graphically and effectively illustrated with stereoptic views that they become practically tours through the world for those who hear them—and all the other special features provided by an ingenious and generous management, there are the exhibits of Pittsburg's products and manufactures, and of her finest imported merchandise; and last, but not least, the very crowds of visitors, themselves, who represent the intelligence, culture, wealth and patriotism of the great district of which Pittsburg is the center.

Pittsburg promises to be looking its very best about September. The holiday-makers will have returned from shore and mountain, the great stores will be spick-and-span from the renovators' hands, and all the theatres will be open, the parks, which are now a beautiful feature of the city, will be about to don their Fall finery, and perhaps a political parade or two will add new flavor to civic life. It is only right to emphasize the statement that Pittsburg takes pride in her new parks; in the grand area of groves, gardens and drives now to be found at Schenley Park, and in the breezy heights and glorious views to be found at Highland Park. These lovely breathing spots of recent creation, may be reached now by the visitor with ease, thanks to the various rapid transit lines of cable and electric cars which gridiron the city and its suburbs. Indeed, the street car system of Pittsburg in itself must prove an object of the visitor's wondering attention.

JOHNS-KAUFMANN.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

An Alleged Poisoner Arrested.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 15.—Williams Evans, who is accused of poisoning nine persons at Laurel, Del., including his wife and her three brothers and their family, one of whom has died, was arrested at Tacony, a suburb of Philadelphia, this evening. The arrest was made on a warrant sworn out by Benjamin Rosser, one of Mrs. Evans' brothers, and pending the arrival of requisition papers Evans was brought here and locked up in the city hall.

On the day the well was poisoned Evans was absent from his work, and in several interviews with reporters he has given contraditory stories of his whereabouts.

LAUREL, Del., Aug. 15.—To-day's inquest into the death of young Raymond Rosser amounted to nothing. About fifteen witnesses were examined. But little evidence was submitted tending to connect Evans, the subject, directly with the crime. The verdict was death from poison thrown into a well by a party or parties unknown. The verdict was received with great dissatisfaction by the spectators.

Feasted on Snake.

ATLANTA, Aug. 13.—A snake story comes from Trenton. R. O'Neill and William Headrick caught a rattlesnake which had nine rattles and a button. after keeping it all day a prisoner, it was turned loose and allowed to show its dignity and dexterity for about two minutes, when a stroke of an ax decapitated it. Mr. O'Neill hung the body on a limb and proceeded to flay it in the manner of turning a stocking wrong side out. Many witnesses observed the serpent's heart beating his elongated windpipe and white, tender flesh.

Then talk of eating it began to be indulged in, and Headrick and O'Neil asserted they meant to have an early supper off it. They cut up, washed, salted, and rolled in meal the entire body, and Headrick proved himself an excellent cook by having the flesh fried brown in exactly one hour after the decapitation. He had some good bread ready, and five young men enjoyed a hearty meal.

The Deadly Oil Stove.

CUMBERLAND, Md., Aug. 15.—A horrible accident occurred at Folks' mills, near here, by which Mrs. Jacob Humbird lost her life. She was filling the reservoir of a gasoline stove, and turning to speak to her daughter, Miss Sue, the liquid spread over the stove and was ignited. The stove exploded, enveloping her in flames. James George, who was standing near, had the fingers of both hands burnt in an endeavor to put out the fire, and the daughter had her arms and hands badly burned also. With the rarest presence of mind Mrs. Humbird kept her mouth and eyes closed and when the flames had been subdued gave directions how to apply remedies for the alleviation of her intense pain until the doctors arrived. Medical skill was in vain and she died yesterday in great agony.

Mixed the Bottles.

AMENIA, N. D., Aug. 15.—Two bottles were mixed up in this town yesterday with disastrous results to twenty-five or thirty members of the Presbyterian church for the mistake resulted in many of those attending communion services at the church sipping the contents of a cup filled with a combination of powerful chemicals instead of wine.

In the connection sulphuric and nitric acids are given as components greatly diluted, of course, or this would have been a town of mourning. As it is, every physician in the village had his hands full yesterday. No fatalities are expected to follow the mistake. A bottle of wine and a bottle of similar appearance containing a battery solution were mixed up in some way so that the solution took the place of wine.

Died of Hydrophobia.

CHICAGO, Aug. 14.—Leroy Bell, 6 years of age, died of hydrophobia last night after 11 hours of agony. The boy was attacked July 11 by a large dog, which threw him to the ground and tore his face and throat in a savage manner. The wounds, however, healed rapidly, and nothing more was thought of the matter until three days ago when the boy complained of feeling ill. In spite of medical aid he grew rapidly worse, suffering from convulsions so violent that it required the strength of several men to hold him in his bed. The Pasteur institute had declined to treat the boy unless it was proven that the dog was mad, but as the dog could not be found nothing beyond cauterization was used to prevent hydrophobia.

The Strike Extending.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Aug. 14.—The strike of switchmen inaugurated at Buffalo, on the Erie and Lehigh Valley lines, has extended to Waverly and Sayre, on the Lehigh, and all freight traffic on that line is at a standstill. A train of beef stands on an Erie siding there, the switchmen refusing to allow it to be switched to the Lehigh tracks to proceed to its destination. The division superintendent of the Lehigh has telegraphed to Oswego for the sheriff to come to his aid, although the men are making no demonstration.

To-morrow it is expected that the Erie men will also go out, and then all traffic through those towns will be at a standstill. The men are non-communicative and their future movements are unknown.

Twenty-three Drowned.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—The unfinished ship Thracian, en route from Greenock, to Liverpool in tow of the tug Sarah Jollifee, foundered in a squall three miles off the Isle of Man last night, and the crew of 22 men, together with the captain's wife, perished.

The crew was composed solely of riggers, who went to fit the vessel with spars and sails on her arrival at Liverpool. She was built for Wm. Thompson of Nova Scotia. The people on board the Sarah Jollifee say that the Thracian sank so suddenly that it was impossible to render any assistance.

—W. S. Taggart, a coal operator, has mysteriously disappeared from his home at Barton, O., ten miles from Bellaire with $400. It is conjectured that he has committed suicide or was murdered. Fifteen hundred people scoured the country for him on Sunday and Monday, but no trace of him could be found.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The pleasure of jumping on a freight train at Birdsboro cost George Francis his life.

—Peter Wise stepped off a scaffold fifty feet high, near Reading, and landed at death's door.

—Rev James McDugal, of New York, was stricken with paralysis in Philadelphia on Saturday.

—America is a big country. It contains land enough to give every person in it a farm of 100 acres.

—Two thousand miners and laborers held a mass meeting at Shamokin to discuss an increase of wages.

—Fifty houses have been robbed in four nights in Southern St. Louis, Mo., and $100,000 worth of goods stolen.

—The Jefferson Iron Works at Steubenville, Ohio, are shut down, as the management refused to recognize the Amalgamated Association.

—Eugene Kelley, the New York banker to whom the Pope has given the honorary appointment of "Guardian of the Cope and sword," landed from Ireland with 83. Ten millions is now about his size. He is seventy-nine.

—Maggie Flynn, a young New York girl, mixed a dose of poison in the presence of her sister and was about to swallow it, when the sister seized it. They fought for the poison, but Maggie succeeded in swallowing it. She did not die.

—While a 15-year-old son of Dr. W. S. Newman of Scottdale, Pa., was returning from watering a horse yesterday, the animal ran away. After going a short distance the horse fell, throwing the lad to the road, probably fatally injuring him.

—Last Sunday morning while Harvey Wingert was sitting on the abutment at the Newport, Perry county, river bridge, he fell to the river shore, a distance of Twenty-one feet eight inches. He fortunately escaped with only a scalp wound and a sprained wrist.

—About 4. o'clock Wednesday afternoon Jessee Plant, a driver in the Lippencott mines, Westmoreland county, had one leg badly crushed by being caught between the wheels. A physician was summoned, who amputated the limb. Plant is a young man and single.

—The Knights Templar's Pennsylvania, and New Jersey special train, east bound, on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, was wrecked near Clinton, Ia., Saturday morning. The seventh or rear car in the train of sleepers was overturned and twelve of its passengers injured.

—In a general fight at Shenandoah, Schuylkill county, Pa., Saturday, between Thomas McHale, Peter Dougherty, Richard Gaughan and Patrick Sweeny, McHale was struck on the head with a bottle, Gaughan was stabbed in the back and Sweeny was cut about the head, and all probably fatally injured.

—Henry Gottleib, the well known lawyer of the firm of Gottlieb & Morris, was arraigned in the Jefferson Market police court New York, on Friday morning on the charge of forgery. The police have over fifty cases of forgery and swindling against him, all of which have been committed within six months.

—Henry Harris, a tailor of Tacoma, Wash., stabbed and killed his daughter, Etta Harris, on Sunday, and then killed himself with a pocket-knife. It is supposed his mind became deranged on account of the trouble his daughter had with a traveling salesman named Benton, of whom she became enamoured.

—Charles Barbour, who resides on a farm one mile west of Oxford, O., while barefooted, was bitten on top of the left foot by a large, green-headed fly. This was a few days ago. In a short time the foot had swooken to almost twice its normal size, and the pain was almost unbearable. Blood poisoning has set in and his condition is now serious.

—Grasshoppers in countless numbers are doing an immense amount of damage in Huron and adjoining counties in Ohio, to oats and other growing crops. So destructive have they been that whole fields of oats have been destroyed. Farmers have plowed them under or turned cattle into the fields. Garden vegetables and other green things are subject to their ravages.

—Edgar Smith, aged 11 years, of Yeagertown, Mifflin county was bitten twice by a rattlesnake while gathering huckleberries on Jack's mountain on Saturday. Two boys, who were with him, ran home to tell their parents what had happened, and when the lad was found he was suffering terribly. He was taken home and remedies applied, but he died in five hours from the time he was bitten.

—The entire town of Red Mountain in California, was destroyed by fire on Monday morning. The fire started in the Red Mountain Hotel, which has not been occupied for several months, and is supposed to have been of incendiary origin. Six buildings were destroyed, including the post-office, Journal office, and Red Mountain Hotel. The loss is about $275,000; insurance $150,000. Many people are homeless, and aid is being sent them from adjoining towns.

—The Mutual Banking Surety Trust & Safe Deposit Company, of Philadelphia, in which funds belonging to the Iron Hall were deposited, failed to open its doors on Tuesday morning. Inquiry developed the fact that the directors had made an assignment for the benefit of the stockholders and depositors to A. E. Stockwell, the attorney for the bank. Neither President Somerby nor Cashier Hays could be found, and it is believed they have left for Indianapolis.

—Mrs. Jawdraska Niklascenski, a Polish woman, residing in Philadelphia, died in the hospital on Tuesday morning from burns inflicted by her husband early Sunday morning. The man went home drunk late Saturday night, and, after quarreling some time with his wife over their supper, picked up the lighted lamp and hurled it at her. The lamp was broken and the oil, becoming ignited, set fire to her clothing in several places. Neighbors extinguished the flames, but she had received fatal injuries. The murderer was arrested.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Charles D. Wharton, late of the township of Dean, county of Cambria, deceased, have been granted to me, a resident of Chest Springs borough, in said county, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay. H. SOMERVILLE,
Administrator of Charles D. Wharton, deceased.
Chest Springs, Pa., August 19, 1892.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent
EBENSBURG, PA.

BALTZELLS'

WHEN we touch Oxford Ties we "make the fur fly" indirectly, as our low prices so increase the demand as to keep some manufacturers busy ordering their component materials. In fact we are crimping the cost of Shoes so small that one-half and more than than that has been eliminated from first price in many styles for the purpose of clearing them out before the season closes.

Think of hundreds of Oxford Ties from 75c. up to $1.69, former price, $1.50 and $2.50, ladies' and misses', in all sizes. Think of a good pair of Oxfords at 75c, and a first-class pair at $1.69, formerly $2 and $2.50. The odd lot we have grouped together to go at $1.69 are steadily moving and your chance will soon be gone. Among them are Ladies' Prince Albert Oxfords', patent tips, formerly $2.25; fine kid Oxfords, McKay sewed, patent trimmed and tip, $2, now $1.69. Fine Kid Southern Ties, formerly $2, and Ladies' Edson in fine kid, very stylish and elegant, cut high, $2, both $1.69. Could reasonable beings ask a greater reduction than this? There are a few tan laced shoes at $2 50. You may take your choice at $2. Tan Oxfords, $2. You can pick out the pair that saits you at $1.50. Red Shoes for children and misses are in all sizes and as cheap as can possibly be found elsewhere.

BALTZELLS',
Altoona.

B. & B.

GENUINE
India Silks.
A LARGE COLLECTION OF FINE ONES, 23 INCHES WIDE,
50 CENTS.

Send if you want asy. It's just as much to your interest to buy as ours to sell, when there is a chance to get such handsome PRINTED INDIA SILKS—stylish patterns—at these prices.

More people are buying PLAIN FINE SOLID BLACK INDIAS—people that are not in mourning—than ever before, not only for street and house, but for

Traveling : Dresses.

We offer as extraordinary, 50 pieces PLAIN BLACK INDIAS,

24 inches wide, - - - 50 Cents.
27 inches wide, - - - - 65 Cents.

☞Values beyond anything heretofore sold.

BOGGS & BUHL,
115, 117, 119 & 121 Federal St.,
ALLEGHENY, PA.

JOHN PFISTER,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Hardware, Queensware,
MADE-UP CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
VEGETABLES IN SEASON,
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BANKING : CO.,
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ALL THE PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP LINES REPRESENTED BY US.

Accounts of merchants, farmers and others earnestly solicited, assuring our patrons that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention, and be held strictly confidential. Customers will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.
LILLY BANKING CO.,
feb590. Lilly, Penna.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, TAKE NOTICE: I have purchased the following personal property from A. J. Benden, and have left the same in his possession, viz: One bay horse and harness, two spring wagons, two cows, three pigs, one cook stove, one heating stove, four beds and bedding, two tables, twelve chairs. All persons are hereby cautioned not to purchase the same or to interfere in any way with said property.
PETER DELOZIER,
Delaney, Cambria county, Pa.
August 10 1892 3t.

T. W. DICK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A.
☞Special attention given to claims for Pension Bounty, etc. ch7-'90

AGENTS WANTED by an old-reliable firm in large profits, quick sale. SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Geo. A. Scott, 842 Broadway, N. Y.

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WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
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Watches, Clocks
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Silverware, Musical Instruments
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Sole Agent
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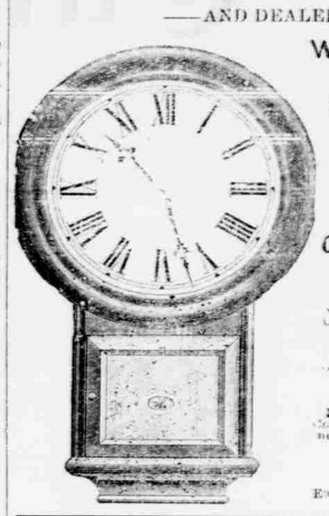

Columbia and Fredonia Watches, In Key and Stem Winders.
LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.
☞My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.
☞ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
CARL RIVINIUS
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE
—AT—
J. D. LUCAS & CO.'S.

Bargains in all Summer Goods.

Fall and Winter Goods will Soon be here

And we must have the Room.

1892. "BETTER THAN EVER." 1892.
FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
—OF THE—
GREAT PITTSBURG EXPOSITION

Will open WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH, at 8 P. M., and close SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22ND, at 11 P. M., with an array of attractions unprecedented in the history of organization.

Four Concerts daily, afternoon and evening, by the Bands under the direction of JULES LEVY and ELLIS BROOKS, of New York. These artists are unrivalled in their profession. An exhaustive and comprehensive exhibit, in PRACTICAL OPERATION, of the best and most recent inventions in the line of GAS SAVING APPLIANCES. Cookery of all kinds, such as game, bread, etc., done in the building. This exhibit will be especially valuable to hotel proprietors, housekeepers and everyone who desires to learn how to cook food properly, and at the same time economically.

The finest and most novel collection of exhibits in all departments ever seen on public exhibition. The management has purchased the largest and most attractive CAROUSSELL, or MERRY-GO-ROUND, ever built, for the enjoyment of its patrons.

SPECIAL.—PROF. CROMWELL will give four Illustrated Lectures in the new hall daily. These lectures are extremely interesting, lasting one hour each. An extra admission of ten cents will be charged those who desire to attend these delightful entertainments.

With the above exception, prices of admission will remain a heretofore.

ADULTS, 25 CENTS. CHILDREN, 15 CENTS.

Consult Your Railroad Agent for Rates.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL!

We can now show you a Complete Assortment of Spring Goods consisting of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits, Hats, Shirts, Trunks and Valises, and everything usually kept in a First-Class Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Store.

OUR SPRING STOCK

have arrived and our stock is much larger and prices lower than ever before. We feel pleased with our new stock and would be glad to show it to you. Call and examine our stock and prices. We can and will save you money. Respectfully Yours,

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Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,
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General : Merchandise,
CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,
Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.
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"QUINN'S,"
New White Front Building, 113 Clinton Street, Johnstown, Pa.

New Stock of DRY GOODS, MILLINERY AND CARPETS. Call to see us when in town.

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NINETY-SECOND YEAR, opens Sept. 14. Fully equipped for college work. Elective courses adapted to prepare to study for the learned professions. Laboratories for Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Biology. New Observatory. Athletic Field and New Gymnasium with Medical Director. Expenses very moderate. Alumni 3602. Address, THE PRESIDENT, Washington, Pa.

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EBENSBURG, PENNA.
☞Office in Opera House, Centre street.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - AUGUST 19, 1892.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

When in need of job printing try this office.

Another child of Mr. Vallie Luttringer is ill.

Miss Sadie Bolsinger, of this place, is visiting in Glendale.

W. H. Waltz, of the Carrolltown *News*, was in town on Thursday.

Miss Annie O'Neill, of Pittsburg, is visiting her sisters in this place.

Hon. Harry White, of Indiana, was a visitor in town on Tuesday.

Messrs. Ed Shields and William Shaaf, of Loretto were in town on Monday.

Mrs. Susan Kelly, of Summerhill, died on Thursday of last week, aged fifty nine years.

Rev. Father Smith, of Lilly, who has been seriously ill for some time past is recovering.

Mr. Andrew Eckenrode and wife of Carrolltown, visited friends in Ebensburg on Sunday.

Mr. James Smith, of Tunnelhill, was in Ebensburg drumming up trade for a threshing horse.

Dr. Banks, of Livermore, Westmoreland county, is visiting his nephew, Dr. M. Lemmon, of this place.

Mr. Christ Kreitzman, of Washington, spent several summers here in the past, was a visitor here last week.

Mr. Joseph Criste, one of Washington county's oldest and best citizens, was a visitor in Ebensburg on Thursday.

Messrs. Wm. Scanlan and Isaac Davis, both of this place were in Ashville on Tuesday and were witnesses to the big fire.

The cow raffled off by Mrs. John Hall, in Blacklick township last week was drawn by Mrs. Retzer, Basselas, Elk county, Pa.

Mr. Charles B. Fink, editor of the Lancaster, spent a few hours in town on Wednesday and paid the FREEMAN office a pleasant visit.

Miss Lizzie, a little daughter of Mr. Vallie Luttringer, of the East ward, Ebensburg, died on Saturday, August 13th, 1892, aged two months and 9 days.

Mr. Nathaniel Darby, on Monday accompanied his wife to Susquehanna township, where the latter remained for a short visit to relatives and friends.

A four-months-old child of Adrian Rickard, of Summerhill, died on Saturday of last week. The remains were interred in the infant's plot in Summerhill cemetery on Sunday.

Mrs. Samuel Flenner died at her home in Adams township on Saturday from cancer, aged about 65 years. Her remains were interred in the South Fork cemetery on Monday.

Mrs. Susan Skelly died at her home in Summerhill, on Thursday, of last week, in about 55 years. She was a sister of John, James and Michael Skelly, of this township.

Mr. E. Shields, a Carnegie employment agent, hired 20 men at Johnstown, Pa., on Monday. He said he wanted the men as miners and catchers and guaranteed $2 per day.

The home of C. D. Wharton, deceased, in Ebensburg, has been purchased by A. M. Hill, of Coalport. Mr. Hill has already taken possession and will continue the business, that of general merchandising.

Dr. H. Somerville, of Chest Springs, and Mr. James Wharton, of Clearfield county, were here for a few hours on Tuesday on business connected with the estate of the late Charles Wharton deceased.

The livery firm of Richards, Kimball & Apel in this place has changed hands, the interest of Dr. Richards having been purchased by Mr. Joseph Brown. The firm is now composed of Brown, Kimball & Apel.

William Rutter, of Westmoreland county, has tackled the editor of Johnstown *Tribune* with a libel suit. The article complained of was in reference to a fight that occurred a short time ago in a ward near Johnstown.

A military company has been organized in Carrolltown and on Tuesday of last week the following named gentlemen were elected officers: Captain, John F. McCoy; 1st Lieutenant, Charles Jenkins; Second Lieutenant W. C. Bracken.

Mr. Lawrence Wess, formerly of Johnstown, died at Summerhill on Monday evening, aged about thirty-four years. He left a wife but no children. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at New Germany on Wednesday.

Sister Demetria, in the world Miss Jo Kirch, was visiting her old home, Carrolltown, last week. She left on Sunday for Philadelphia, where, after a short time, she will leave for the West, being stationed in the state of Oregon.

Mr. Jesse White, of Pittsburg, was here for a few hours on Tuesday and drove over to Chest Springs. The Judge intended going to Wildwood but at Cresson, instead of taking the train on the Coalport branch and was due in the Ebensburg branch and was due here at 10:30.

Messrs. John C. Krise and Peter Reickard of White township, got a couple of pure full blooded Italian bees, and hived them into the hive on the 17th of July. They now have eight swarms with a total colony, weighing 878 pounds. They evidently in luck in the bee business.

Messrs. James Wilkinson & Son and Jas. Schmiker, both of this place are doing to some extent from the Ashville fire. The former had over $100 worth of stone at the freight station, that they had hauled there ready to set up, while Mr. Schmiker had shipped a threshing machine to the same place.

Many errors have been found in the list of nomination made out for publication with the secretary of the commonwealth under the new law in Pennsylvania. Petitions and commissions are of various kinds and all the certificates will have to be carefully scrutinized before they are issued. There will be candidates who will not get on the tickets.

The Postmen's reunion will be held in Altoona on the 25th inst. The attendance promises to be large, and judging from the program, it will be a most entertaining session. Fitting addresses will be delivered by Mayor Rose, Hon. A. V. Barclay, Judge C. L. Pershing and others. The badge, which comes off at noon of course date, will be given in the armory of the City Guards.

On Wednesday of last week a middle-aged Italian, whose name we failed to learn, who was employed as a miner at Hastings, committed suicide by throwing himself in front of an approaching train at that place. He had some difficulty with his wife, who had a warrant issued for his arrest, charging him with surety of the peace. Learning that an officer was about to serve him and seeing the officer approach he ran and cast himself in front of the train. His body was terribly mangled.

—Martin Fleishour sustained a serious injury while at work on the Pennsylvania railroad at Bolivar, Westmoreland county, Tues day. He was about to board a freight train on which he was a brakeman, when he missed the stirrup and one of the cars ran over his left leg, crushing it horribly. He was taken to the West Penn hospital, Fleishor is a resident of Pittsburg.

—On Saturday, August 20th, a picnic will be held in the grove between Chest Springs and St. Augustine, to which every lover of fun, feasting and dancing is cordially invited. The proceeds are for the benefit of the Catholic church at St. Augustine and those who attend will not only have the satisfaction of enjoying themselves but will add a good cause at the same time.

—A six foot vein of coal known as the B, or Miller seam, was struck at a depth of 280 feet on lands owned by the Cambria Iron Co., and Morrison and Stevens near Dysart on the Cresson & Coalport road. Geo. Bell, the superintendent thinks it will show up four feet six inches clean coal. An air shaft has been commenced and at an early date the full worth of the coal will be known.

—The school board of Gallitzin borough on Saturday awarded the contract for a new school house to M. Bracken & Co. The building is to be of brick, three stories high and will contain eight rooms. P. P. Little, of Pittsburg, is the architect, and the plans call for a first-class structure, furnished with all modern conveniences and improvements in ventilation light, fire-escapes, etc. Work to be commenced at once.

—Last Saturday evening about seven o'clock, while Mrs. Cuckoo, of near Pleasant Unity, Westmoreland county, was preparing supper for her husband, who had gone to Latrobe with a load of wheat, she discovered a gun on the table and told Rudolph Boyd, a relative who was visiting the Cuckoo family, to take it up stairs. While in the act of doing so it was discharged, the load taking effect in her abdomen, causing death in three hours.

—At the Somerset county Democratic county convention held at Somerset on Monday, A. F. Johns, of Meyersdale was re-elected chairman of the county committee; A. G. Hay, of Somerset and Irwin G. Hoover, of Hooversville, for Assembly: John O. Kimmell of Somerset, District Attorney; N. B. Poorbaugh, of Northampton, for poor director; Captain C. W. Hefley, of Berlin, Abram Wilson, of Sharpsville, and Jonas McClintock, of Addison, congressional conferees without instructions.

—Mr. C. Campbell was in town Thursday, and talking over railroad matters with him he expressed the opinion that this place, according to present indications, will be the final terminus of the line now being extended from La Jose to the Cush creek branch, and that Cherrytree would be the terminus of the line now being built from Cresson until the company extends the line on over the summit, and either go by way of Indiana or Homer City to connect with their other line at either of these places. The Indiana route is preferred if a reasonable grade can be secured.—*Glen Campbell Comet.*

—Thomas E. Howe, ex-county treasurer, died suddenly at his home in Johnstown on last Thursday night. Mr. Howe had been on the street during the afternoon, apparently in his usual health, and went home about 6 o'clock, and taking a paper, laid down to read. He fell asleep and when supper was ready the family did not disturb him. About 11 o'clock his sister discovered that he was dead. He was born in Cambria City in 1859 and lived all his life in Johnstown. In June, 1890, Mr. Howe was married to Miss Catharine Hughes, of Omaha, Neb., and at the time of his death his wife and one of his sisters were in Omaha visiting relatives. The funeral was deferred until Tuesday, after the return of his wife and sister. Heart failure was supposed to be the cause of his death.

—On Wednesday night of last week a fight occurred between some native toughs and some Italian railroad laborers at Spangler. In the melee stones and pistols were freely used and a stray shot struck Mr. Luke Noel, of Irvona, an innocent spectator. Mr. Noel was standing on the Rearer hotel porch and had just returned from escorting some ladies inside of the house, after advising them to remain inside on account of the danger from flying missiles. He had scarcely returned when he was struck by a pistol ball, the bullet striking him on the right shoulder below the collar bone, and downward through the upper part of the lung. Mr. Noel is seriously injured but will recover. Warrants are out for a number of men who participated in the riot, but it is not known who fired the shot that struck Mr. Noel.

—C. L. Kellen, of Dedham, Mass., was arrested in Pittsburg, on Monday last, as a deserter from the Regular Army, he having enlisted in July 1891, and a short time ago deserted and went to Pittsburg where he secured employment as a telegraph operator. On Thursday, Recruiting Sergeant Melvin, started with him over the Pennsylvania railroad for New York. A short distance east of Kittanning Point, Kellen under the pretense of getting a drink left the sergeant, went to the water cooler and then hurried to the platform and jumped off. The train was stopped and the crew made a search for him but he could not be found. On Friday morning he was captured on his entrance into Altoona, his only injury being a gash over his right eye. His injury was dressed at the Altoona hospital when the Sergeant again started with him for Governor's Island.

—"Si Perkins," a familiar character to the amusement seekers for many years, and one created by Frank Jones, a comedian with original and exceedingly pleasing methods, has an entirely new and more extensive field in a play entitled "Our Country Cousin," written by Charles H. Fleming, Esq. The play, while it contains a dramatic story of unusual interest, is replete with rustic simplicity appertaining to West Virginia life, and is infused with delightful comedy, besides affording opportunities for the display of novel and effective scenery; the railroad scene, in the third act, being one of exceptional effectiveness, and unlike the established efforts to produce realism on the stage, Frank Jones, as Jason Wheatly, adds greatly to the force of his well known artists. Mr. Jones will be at the Opera House on Saturday night, August 20th. Tickets for sale at James' drug store.

Drowned in the Conemaugh.

John Suitani and John Mesal, two Hungarians, who boarded at Zimmerman's Hungarian boarding house, No. 310 Walnut street, Sixteenth ward, were drowned on Wednesday night. It appears that Zimmerman missed them at about 11 o'clock and went down to the water to look for them. He found their clothes lying near the edge, but could see the men nowhere.

Although many were notified no one went to search for the bodies until 8 o'clock Sunday morning, when Officers Burkhard and McCloskey and William McPoland and Emil Karchanjaki, a young Slav, dragged the river three hours. Karchanjaki eventually found Mesar's body, and the officers got it ashore and later Sultani's body was found. Suitani's age is stated to be twenty-nine and Mesal's twenty-seven.

The bodies were taken to Henderson's Morgue and prepared for burial.

The cause of the dual accident remains a mystery.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

Our Public Schools.

Following is the annual report of Professor J. W. Leech, Superintendent of public schools in Cambria county, just submitted to the Department of Public Instruction:

The schools of Cambria county have made remarkable progress in many directions during the year. The introduction of the course of study, prepared especially for the schools of Somerset, Bedford, Indiana and Cambria counties, under the direction of the Superintendents of these counties, by Superintendent Berkey, who was chairman of the committee, has resulted in great good, particularly in our ungraded schools. Through a system of pupils' monthly examinations sent out from the Superintendent to each school, and based upon the work outlined for the different grades, we were enabled to reach a degree of system, classification, and supervision, which has given a definite aim, direction and purpose to the work of the teacher never known in our schools before. Although this was the first year of its trial, twenty young students presented themselves for examination, and twelve of these were deemed worthy by the committee and granted diplomas.

Carefully-prepared term reports were made giving necessary statistics and the standing and classification of each pupil and his grade for next term, together with the programme and any other useful suggestions which the out-going teacher may be able to make for the consideration of his successor. These statistics are the most reliable I have ever been able to gather, and they certainly furnish much food for present thought and practical action in the future.

There were 245 schools in the county, exclusive of the city of Johnstown. The average term was a very small fraction over the minimum term—six months.

Ninety-five teachers were men, whose wages averaged $36.80 per month; 150 teachers were ladies, whose average monthly wages were $31.71. The average monthly cost of each pupil was ninety-five cents. There were enrolled 5,538 boys and 5,247 girls; total, 10,785, with an average attendance of 3,381 boys and 3,194 girls; total, 6,575. Of these pupils 339 attended every day in the term, 5,013 attended eighty days or more, 804 attended less that twenty days; 513 of them were over sixteen years of age. There were in the schools 175 pupils under six years of age. These are not included in the former figures.

After using the greatest care in getting the best possible information to be had on the subject, we find there are 1,121 children in Cambria county who were not in school at all during the term. If we were to add to these the 804 who attended less than twenty days, there are in Cambria county, outside of Johnstown City, 1,925 children of school age who are being permitted to grow up without receiving any benefit at all from our grand free system of public education. There were 726 visits to schools by the directors, and 6,644 visits by patrons. The Bible was read in seventy-eight schools.

The state appropriation to the districts of Cambria county outside of the city of Johnstown for the year ending June, 1891 was $12,913.05. I wish to call the attention of those interested to the basis of the present system of distributing the appropriation, as shown in our division. For the year ending June, 1891, Johnstown had 3,345 pupils and Cambria county outside of Johnstown had 10,926, or lacking nine of having three times as many pupils. Now we notice that Johnstown received from the State $8,110.54, and all the districts in the county outside of Johnstown put together received only $12,690.30; or in other words the districts in Cambria county outside of Johnstown had three times as many pupils to provide for and received only a little more than one and one-half times as much aid from the state.

On this I shall make no comment except to ask what becomes of the country legislator when he goes to Harrisburg.

The following districts built new houses during the year: Adams, 1; Elder, 2; Munster, 1; Portage, township, 2; Summerhill, 1; Lower Yoder, 1. These and a number of old ones were seated with good furniture. Two buildings were burned down: The Ricketts in Reade and the Tyhank in Barr. Both fires are believed to have been of indendiary origion. The law should require all locations and plans and specifications of school houses to be submitted to the county superintendent for final approval.

I regret to say that there does not seem to be much, if any, improvement in the condition of the out-buildings in many school districts. A large number of them are a disgrace to the age in which we live. Something must be done to improve them. Our institute was the best ever held in the county. Our instructors were Dr. Waller, Dr. Hyte, Dr. Reed, Profs. Coughlin, Harman, Bible, Hammers and Gibson. Our evening program was: Monday—Dr. G. E. Reed, "Qualities that Win;" Tuesday—Ariel-Thomas Company, musical; Wednesday, Thomas Dixon, Jr., "Backbone;" Thursday—John DeWitt, "The Uses of Uglioss."

A Directors' Association was formed at the teachers' institute which promise much good to our schools. A. E. Somerville, president of West Taylor school board was chosen secretary.

It meets twice a year, once during the county institute and during the month of June.

Successful.

We honestly congratulate Messrs. Ludwig & Son for their success in business. These gentlemen require no introduction in this or surrounding counties, having been located amongst us so many, many years. Their record as men of good judgment, integrity and honesty is well established. Ther good judgment in keeping pace with the times is evidenced by their success in obtaining the agency of Klein's Silver Age and Duquesne Rye Whiskies, together with the leading Pennsylvania Rye Whiskies bottled by Max Klein, whose reputation for bottling only absolutely pure goods is firmly established. Men high in in their professions publicly and cheerfully endorse his Silver Age and Duquesne Rye Whiskies. His name on every bottle is a guarantee to the purchaser that the article is pure. A sworn guarantee of its purity from the distiller accompanies every bottle of Duquesne Rye. Silver Age is so favorably known that it is unnecessary to dwell here on its merits, suffice to say that it is the *leader of fine old rye whiskies.* Palatable, mellow and invigorating.

Messrs. J. Ludwig & Son not only recognized the good qualities of these brands, but the the constant and steady demand for them, and hastened to secure the exclusive agency in Blair and Cambria counties.

These excellent brands of whiskies now on sale to the trade generally by J. Ludwig & Son, wholesale agents, Johnstown, Pa.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, August 17, 1892:

Andy Waxmonsky and Nellie Krees, Gallitzin.

James W. Morse and Nettie M. Todd, Benscreek.

John Matalik and Mary Kulek, Frugality.

John Eisenhuth and Sadie Fitzpatrick, West Taylor township.

J. A. Dumm, Altoona, Pa., and Jane F. Owens, Munster township.

Stephen Brilla and Rosana Solstis, Portage.

John Adams and Annie Krook, Johnstown.

John Lukacs and Annie Fabean, Johnstown.

Ashville's Disastrous Fire.

About half past two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Ashville, on the line of the Cresson & Coalport railroad was visited by a conflagration that wiped out a large portion of the town, leaving but one building standing on the Northwest side of the railroad.

The fire originated in a stable in the rear of the Ashville House, and is said to have been started by some boys who were playing in the building. Owing to the combustible nature of the contents of the building, considerable amount of hay and straw having been stored therein, the flames soon enveloped the building and burst forth on all sides.

The town has no facilities for fighting fire, and when the flames got started it looked as if the town was doomed. People with buckets got to work and fought the flames as well as they could, but the destructive element gained headway in spite of their efforts and one building after another crumbled into ashes before the devastating element.

Had some one, at once, when the fire started telegraphed to Altoona, for assistance much valuable time and property would have been saved, but no telegram was sent until the station and telegraph office was burned and then a dispatch was sent to Amsbry and from there to Altoona.

The following is a list of the owners of property burned, with the amount of their loss and the amount of insurance as near as could be ascertained.

	Loss.	Ins.
D. G. Myers, Ashville House	$ 8,000	$3,500
P. H. Walls, storehouse	3,000	2,000
E. M. Wills, store and residence	6,000	4,500
James Perry, residences	3,000	1,700
F. S. Burgoon, store and residence	2,500	1,600
W. A. Wills	1,500	500
C. & C. R. R. depot	1,000	500
Augustus Dougherty, hotel	3,700	1,000
J. Ross Mateer, drugstore	1,000	1,000
W. L. Lingenfelter, furniture	300	none
Mrs. Brookbank, furniture	1,000	"
Paul Ehwanger, residence and furniture store	500	"
James Myers, livery stable	2,500	1,000
Total losses	$34,600	$16,000

Assistance from Coalport and Altoona arrived at 5 o'clock but at that time the fire was under control and had spent its force, but not, however, until it had left in ashes two hotels, ten dwelling houses and stores and five stables, involving a loss of about $34,000 on which there is an insurance of $16,900.

While the fire was raging a number of people who were living in close proximity to it carried out their household goods and movable effects and placed them on cars which were moved out on the railroad to a save distance.

Communication.

LORETTO, Pa., August 13, 1892.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

I see in different papers erronious statements in regard to the recent terrible powder explosion in our midst. The facts of the case are these: Some time ago Mr. Joseph Hogue for Keller & Clauson had Mr. Kittell, of our place, tear down the different shanties and among them was the powder house on McMullen summit. When Mr. Kittell had torn off part of the boards he discovered powder within and left the house stand without renalling the boards.

The boys through curiosity entered the house, and as the powder was condemned, thought of no harm. The boy Conrad was in the far corner of the room when the match was lit by young McGillen, and when the boys McGillen and Litzinger saw what was likely to happen, they ran and Conrad remained. Young McGillen seeing that Conrad was not coming out, returned, and was at the opening when the terrible accident occurred. Young Conrad was burned to a blackened mass. McGillen ran and in running tore off his clothes with the help of young Litzinger, who afterwards took McGillen to the Misses McMullens', where he was tenderly cared for until the physcian arrived, but died afterward.

The boys had not been tampering with the property of the railroad company or with any other property, as my boy is willing to swear, and he is the only one left to relate the whole story. They were all exemplary boys, and it was undoubtedly curiosity that lead them to this dreadful accident. These are the facts as told by my son, and I trust he will not be censured, as it is a fright he will never forget.

The bereaved parents of the two deceased boys have the sympathy of the entire community. EUGENE LITZINGER.

Fire in the Huntingdon Reformatory.

Two of the large new manufacturing buildings at the Huntingdon Reformatory were totally destroyed by fire on Sunday evening. Three months ago an unsuccessful attempt was made by an inmate to burn the new three-story brush factory, but Sunday night's effort proved successful.

The flames were discovered at 6 o'clock, and in an hour the brush factory and carpenter shop were destroyed, with all their valuable machinery. Each building was 200x50 feet. A panic ensued among the 450 inmates, but armed guards soon quelled the disturbance. The north wing of the main buildings was on fire, but the damage there is slight.

The reformatory was at the mercy of the flames for a time, owing to a total lack of water in the main reservoir. The Huntingdon Fire Department ran a mile with their apparatus, and, obtaining water from the Juniata river, succeeded in saving the main buildings.

There is no shadow of doubt that the fire was the work of one of the inmates who were employed to-day to do some slight repairs in the brush factory. A match was evidently dropped maliciously among the inflammable material. The brush factory was operated by the Consolidated Manufacturing Company, of Philadelphia, whose loss on stock and machinery will reach $10,000. The loss on the two buildings is $20,000; insurance $10,000.

Death of Rees S. Lloyd.

Rees S. Lloyd, one of the oldest residents of this vicinity, died at his home in Cambria township on Monday, August 15th, 1892, in the 76th year of his age.

The deceased was born on the farm on which he resided at the time of his death in September, 1816, and was a son of the late Stephen Lloyd, one of the pioneer settlers of the neighborhood. During his entire life he was a resident of Cambria township and was one of its most exemplary citizens. In 1875, when the new constitution came into effect requiring the election of one commissioner of the minority party, Mr. Lloyd, who was always a Republican, was elected and served one term, filling the office with satisfaction and ability.

He leaves to survive him a widow who was his life partner for over fifty years, one son, Fes. Lloyd, editor of the *Herald* in this place, and two daughters, Maggie, wife of William H. Sechler, Esq., and Nane, wife of Mr. Ed. James, both of Ebensburg. His remains were interred in Lloyd's cemetery on Wednesday afternoon, the remains being followed to the grave by one of the largest funeral escerts eyer witnessed in Ebensburg.

STRAY SHEEP. Came to the premises of the subscriber in Cambria township on or about the 15th of June, five sheep with blue paint mark on rump, one having a slit in the left ear. The owner is requested to come forward prove property and take them away, otherwise they will be disposed of according to law. LEWIS KING.
August 12, 1892.

J. F. McKENRICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
EBENSBURG, - - PA.
Office on Centre street.

Miscellaneous Notices.

EBENSBURG MARBLE AND GRANITE Works, as sketched by a special reporter of the Johnstown *Daily Herald.*—Reliable dealers and fine goods.

"During a recent flying trip to Ebensburg the writer of this article visited the Marble and Granite Works of Jas. Wilkinson & Son, which were founded in 1880. The senior member of this progressive firm has had an experience of thirty-five years, and his son and partner is also a skilled worker. The class of work they produce is of the highest class and style. From four to five hands are employed and the very finest monuments in the county seat are specimens of their skill. Shipments are made through this and to adjoining counties.

"All kinds of cemetery work is executed and a fine line of Iron Railing is handled and sold. The stock of work kept on hand (received by the car load) is very extensive and many very fine monuments are exhibited, two especially being executed in the rustic style and in imitation of brickwork, with a finely executed cross on the top. Among the many fine monuments erected by this firm is an eight ton fifteen-feet-high monument for Sheriff Griffith, monument for Father Christy (sixteen feet high), also monuments for Jacob Kibler and daughter of John Griffith. Both gentlemen give personal attention to business as well as executing the finest work. In all the time they have been in business they have adhered strictly to the maxim all goods just as represented and prices as low as the same class of work can be bought elsewhere. We have no hesitancy in recommending Messrs. Wilkinson & Son to our readers as reliable business men, progressive and trustworthy. Visit their establishment before ordering elsewhere."

☞ Special attention paid to setting work.

PHOTOGRAPHS and Ferrotypes taken in every style of the art at D. H. Stroup's gallery near Maple Park.

Drunkenness or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address
GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.,
aug19.1y. 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

THE Ebensburg Building & Loan Association will sell $1,000.00 at their meeting in the council chamber on the fourth Monday in August; sales takes place at 8 P. M.
THOS. DAVIS, President.
LESTER LARIMER, Secretary.

FOR SALE. Farm in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa. For particulars call on or address
MRS. ELLEN O'DONNELL,
June 17.3m. Cresson, Pa.

D. H. STROUP, the photographer at this place, is doing quite a large business at his gallery near Maple Park. All persons desiring Photographs or Ferrotypes should give him a call.

WANTED.—A middle-aged woman to do house work; small family; wages, $4 per week. Inquire of Joseph Griffin, Munster township, near Kaylor station.

IF you have an old or faded picture that you would have enlarged, take it D. H. Stroup's gallery near Maple Park. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded is our motto.

A CAR-LOAD of Barb Wire cheap at Dutton & Son's.

C. A. LANGBEIN,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,

COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,

Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Riding Bridles, from ..... 50c. up.
Team Bridles, from ..... $1.50 up.
Lap Dusters, from ..... 40c. up.
Machine-made Harness, from ..... $6.00 up.
Hand-made Harness, from ..... $10.00 up.

☞ Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I guarantee to sell as cheap as the cheapest.

☞ Shop Barker's Row on Centre street.
apr12tf

TRIAL LIST. List of causes set down for trial the second week of September, 1892:

Magennan	vs. Thomas.
Acor	vs. Cannon.
Doran et ux	vs. Fiper et al.
Rutledge & Miller	vs. Confer.
McDonald	vs. Prosser et al.
Burke	vs. Campbell.
O'Hara	vs. Kays.
Graham	vs. Morrellville Castle K. of G. E.
Gardner	vs. Stepens.
Sible	vs. Young.
Clark	vs. Croyle.
Lloyd	vs. Dunlap et al.
S. Ewart & Co	vs. Miller.
Lytle & Co	vs. Cresswell.
Sloan	vs. Hilestein.
Pardon et al	vs. Moore et al.
Zimmerman	vs. Dibert.
Klinordinger	vs. McGough.
Notley & Harter	vs. McMullen et al.
Zimmerman	vs. Zimmerman.
Spiglemire & Co	vs. Helfrick.
Huguenot & Becher	vs. Leahey.
Morley	vs. Uhl.
Costlew	vs. Dwelling House Insurance Co.
Mildren	vs. Johnstown Savings Bank.

JAS. C. DARBY,
Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's office, Aug. 8, 1892.

1794. 1891.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.

Ebensburg, July 21, 1882.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The Citizens' Building & Loan Association of Altoona, Pa., vs. Peter Heritzog.	In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria Co., Nos. 30 and 31, March term, 1892.

And now to wit, the 8th day of June, 1892, on motion of Alvin Evans, Esq., counsel for Sheriff Shumaker, T. W. Dick appointed auditor to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the defendant's real estate to and among the persons legally entitled to receive the same.

From the Record.

Notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in Ebensburg for the purpose of above appointment on FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1892, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at which time and place all parties interested may attend, otherwise be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
T. W. DICK,
Aug. 19, 1892. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE. In the Orphans' Court of Cambria county.

In the matter of the first and final account of Joseph A. Gray, administrator of John B. Miller, late of Carroll township, deceased.

Having been appointed Auditor by said court to report a distribution of the fund in the hands of the accountant, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in the borough of Ebensburg on FRIDAY, THE 2ND DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1892, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of discharging the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
DONALD E. DUFTON,
Ebensburg, Pa., Aug. 19, 1892. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE. In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa.

In the matter of the account of John A. Boyle, assignee of Edward McGlade.

Having been appointed Auditor by said Court to report a distribution of the funds in the hands of the accountant, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in the borough of Ebensburg on SATURDAY, EAE 3RD DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1892, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of discharging the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.
DONALD E. DUFTON,
Ebensburg, Pa., Aug. 19, 1892. Auditor.

To Investors.

WHY go away from home to seek investments when you can buy Pennsylvania First Mortgage Security on the Cash or Monthly Payment plan and which will net you twenty per cent. on your money? For particulars call on or address H. A. ENGLEHART,
Aug. 5, 1892. Ebensburg, Pa.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following account has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pennsylvania, and will be confirmed by said court on the FIRST MONDAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1892, unless cause be shown to the contrary:

The account of Jesse H. Dimond, assignee of John and Lucinda F. McCormick.
J. C. DARBY,
Aug. 12, 1892. Prothonotary.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
Office on Centre street, near High.

THE HEAT
HAS SHRUNK
OUR PRICES

It is midsummer now—a bad time for merchants to sell goods. To liven up business we have cut the prices on all our goods to such a percentange that no man or woman can afford to pass the opportunity of taking advantage of them.

OUR PRICES ARE CUT IN HALF!

and what you buy other places for $2.00 we will sell you from now until September 10th, at $1. Can you save this amount of money by buying at any other store? Verily not

We placed in this sale

85 Pairs Ladies' Dongola Spring Heel,

Sizes 2½ to 7, at 1.25 per pair.

125 pair of

LADIES' - TOE - SLIPPERS,

From 2½ to 8 at 47c. a pair

LADIES'

DONGOLA COMMON-SENSE OR OPERA TOE,

in sizes 2½ to 8 at 1.48 per pair.

Ladies' French Kid, High-cut, Common-sense or Opera Toe at 2.24 per pair.

We also carry a full line of ladies' cloth top Spring and Heel Shoes. Price now 2.12.

Men's Calf Dress Shoes, all shapes, at 1.98. Men's good Dress Shoes now at 1.23.

Boys' Brogans with solid sole now at 95 cents a pair, and many more bargains.

Special large display of blue prints, 50 different patterns at 5½c. per yard. Fine Bedford Cords, 36 inches wide, all new shades, go now 45c., 44 inch white Lawn at 9c., dress Ginghams at 8c., and other great bargains in the dry goods department.

A complete outfit during this sale for $10.00. The outfit consists of a suit in blue or black corded worsted, pair good Dress Shoes, Derby Hat and Suspenders. We also have great bargains in Dress Pantaloons, Shirts, Underwear, Collars and Cuffs. First arrival of the latest styles in Fall Neckwear. New Fall goods are now coming in.

SIMON & CO.,

LEADERS OF LOWEST PRICES.

A car load of Lever Spring Tooth Harrows just received at the Ebensburg Foundry.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE NO. 1 OF THE Cresson, Clearfield County and New York Short Route Railroad. In effect on and after November 15th, 1891.

SOUTH.	STATIONS.	Dist.		A M	A M	A M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M
	Irvona Exp.†..	66		7 40	10 25	5 25							
	Church Train†	62		7 45	10 30	5 30							
	Fast Line*	6		7 55	10 40	5 40	12 45	3 55	6 50	10 00	6 10	6 41	9 00
	Mail*..	1		8 25	11 10	6 10	1 15	4 25	7 20	10 30	6 40	7 11	9 30
			Cresson	8 40	11 25	6 25	1 30	4 40	7 35	10 45	6 55	7 26	9 45
			Dawson	8 45	11 30	6 30	1 35	4 45	7 40	10 50	7 00	7 31	9 50
			Ashville	8 50	11 35	6 35	1 40	4 50	7 45	10 55	7 05	7 36	9 55
			Carrolltown	8 55	11 40	6 40	1 45	4 55	7 50	11 00	7 10	7 41	10 00
			Dysart	9 00	11 45	6 45	1 50	5 00	7 55	11 05	7 15	7 46	10 05
			Loudon	9 05	11 50	6 50	1 55	5 05	8 00	11 10	7 20	7 51	10 10
			Frugality	9 10	11 55	6 55	2 00	5 10	8 05	11 15	7 25	7 56	10 15
			Van Ormer	9 15	12 00	7 00	2 05	5 15	8 10	11 20	7 30	8 01	10 20
			Fallen Timber	9 20	12 05	7 05	2 10	5 20	8 15	11 25	7 35	8 06	10 25
			Coalport	9 25	12 10	7 10	2 15	5 25	8 20	11 30	7 40	8 11	10 30
			Irvona	9 40	12 25	7 25	2 30	5 40	8 35	11 45	7 55	8 26	10 45
	Dist....												
SOUTH.	Pacific Exp*..	1		A M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M
				7 15	12 05	2 45	4 30	7 10	10 15	6 30	10 15	6 30	10 15
	Mail*..	5		7 30	12 20	3 00	4 45	7 25	10 30	6 45	10 30	6 45	10 30
	Church Train†	61		8 20	1 10	3 50	5 35	8 15	11 20	7 35	11 20	7 35	11 20
	Cresson Exp.†..	65		8 40	1 30	4 10	5 55	8 35	11 40	7 55	11 40	7 55	11 40
				P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M	P M

*Leave daily except Sunday.
†Leave Sunday only
Black letters indicate telegraph stations.
Denny's, Moore's and Critelli's Crossings will be flag stations for all trains.

No. 1 connects at Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8 27 for points between Cresson and Johnstown, and with Pacific Express at 8 45 for points west of Johnstown. Also with Mail Train at 9 25 for points east of Cresson.

No. 5 connects with Mail Train at 4 26 for points West of Cresson, and Mail Express for points east of Cresson.

From points west of Cresson No. 4 connects with Mail train at 9 23, and from points east of Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8 27, and Pacific Express at 8 45.

No. 6 connects with Mail

AN INDIAN SCARE.

Disaster Feared by Tribes in Indian Territory.

Traditions Which Presage Dire Trouble—Visions of Phantom Warriors in Deadly Combat Produce Consternation.

Indians in the neighborhood of Tishomingo, I. T., are predicting a disaster of some kind. They say that something terrible is about to happen to their tribes or to the invading white men. The phantom tribe has been seen and heard in deadly conflict, and this is a sure indication that many dead men will lie on the fields. For years there has been a legend among the Indians of this territory of a phantom tribe which was supposed to be the ghostly remnant of a once powerful nation that was completely annihilated by an opposing tribe. This occurrence was so far back that it is now one of the traditions that has grown misty with age, and the Philadelphia Press says it has been many years since there has been any indication that there was a foundation of truth for the legend which attaches to a certain valley in the western part of this territory. In this valley, which is always shunned by the Indians of all tribes, are many mounds, indicating where hundreds of people lie buried. In this valley, long ages ago, a great battle is said to have been fought, and in this battle one whole nation of red men was wiped from the face of the earth by a victorious invader, who thereafter possessed the land.

The traditions of the Indians are so strong that ages do not wipe out the legends, and where one or more Indians have seen uncanny things and told of it it becomes a part of the nation's history, and where a spot is found to be possessed of spirits the Indians never afterward question the truth of the story, but forever abandon the place. Such is the history of the little valley where it is said the great fight occurred long years ago.

In this valley, full of these little mounds, the Indians claim they have, on several occasions, seen the warring tribes in deadly combat, and closely following the ghostly battle came trouble to the Indians. Either pestilence, famine or war has invariably followed the apparition, and while the Indians have not heard of the phantom tribe for many years, the legend is vivid in their minds, and now they believe they are again to be visited with trouble.

John Willis, a deputy United States marshal, is now responsible for the scare among the Indians, for he is the man who heard the deadly conflict between the phantom tribes. Willis did not know it at the time, and, while he is a brave man, he heard such sounds one night recently that he lay perfectly still. Willis was on the trail of a band of horse thieves, and was belated one night just as he entered into a little valley covered with small mounds. He had never heard of the phantom tribe nor of the battle which was fought in the valley. He was far from a house and picketed his horse and made his camp. He had been asleep for some time when he was aroused by his horse, which was snorting and jumping about in terror. Willis jumped to his feet, thinking he was attacked by a band of outlaws from the noise which was made. It was bright moonlight, but he could see nothing.

All around him there seemed to be an invisible host of men, some on horseback and some on foot, and these men appeared to be in deadly conflict. The noise of the trampling hosts and rushing men could be plainly distinguished, while blows were struck so forcibly that the sound could be distinctly heard. Backward and forward the battle of ghosts seemed to rage for over an hour, yet all the while not a thing could be seen in the valley and Willis was almost convinced that the sounds were the results of a dream. His horse continued its frantic efforts to escape and at last Willis was compelled to saddle the animal and get away from the valley. Just as he got beyond the confines of the valley all sounds ceased and he was tempted to turn back, but just as he entered the valley the war began again. He told his story to the Indians and then the story of the phantom tribe came out, and the Indians told of the disaster which was sure to follow the appearance of the phantom warring red men.

A SHAKESPEAREAN RELIC.

A Piece of Wood from a Tree Planted by the Great Poet.

A gentleman visiting Stratford-on-Avon, E. B. Ivatts, a railroad manager, has just had the good fortune to meet with and acquire, in one of the neighboring towns to Stratford, a slab of wood cut from the veritable mulberry tree Shakespeare himself planted in New place garden, where he resided and died, writes a correspondent. This mulberry tree was cut down ruthlessly by a Rev. Francis Gastrell in 1756, and so irritated were the townfolk of that time that some of them smashed the reverend gentleman's windows. This slab of mulberry wood has been traced back beyond all doubt, to the possession of a Miss Davenport, the only daughter of the vicar of Stratford-on-Avon in 1787, a period when the cutting down of the tree would be fresh in the memories of persons then living. In J. O. Halliwell-Phillipp's "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," page 380, we find: "Rev. Mr. Devonport, observes Malone, informs me that Hugh Taylor, who is now (1790) eighty-five years old, and an alderman of Warwick, says, when a boy at the next house to New place, that his family had inhabited the house for almost 300 years, that it (the fact of Shakespeare planting the tree) was transmitted from father to son during the last and present century." Miss Devenport married Rev. John Pegler, who was vicar of the neighboring parish of Alveston, but resided in Stratford-on-Avon. Rev. John Pegler gave the slab of wood to a Mr. Bannister, his solicitor, residing in Shipton-on-Stour, near Stratford. At his death it passed to his sister, Miss Bannister, who lately died, and at the sale of her effects in 1889 at Shipton-on-Stour a resident there purchased the slab, from which it has been acquired by Mr. Ivatts. The slab measures 10½ inches diameter lengthways and 8 inches diameter crossways. It is 5 inches in thickness and weighs 14½ pounds, a rather surprising weight for the dimensions of the slab, but the wood is very dense. The bark has been removed and the slab is free from cracks and quite solid. Either to be cut up into veneer sections, polished and framed, or to be cut up for mounts, to be set in jewelry, it would be worth its weight in gold. Taking the weight at 14½ pounds, or 174 ounces, and at the price of standard gold, £3 17s 9d per ounce, the slab of wood might be appraised as worth, say, £3,400. This interesting relic of Shakespeare has been deposited in the care of Richard Savage, Esq., the secretary and librarian of the Shakespeare Birthplace trust, Stratford-on-Avon.

—An Evidence of Popularity.—"Is this one of the popular songs of the day?" inquired the customer in a music store. "I guess so," said the clerk; "I saw a man hit with a brick this morning for singing it."—Detroit Free Press.

"NO MORE DOCTORS FOR ME!

They said I was consumptive, sent me to Florida, told me to keep quiet, no excitement, and no tonic. Just think of it. One day I found a little book called 'Guide to Health,' by Mrs. Pinkham, and in it I found out what ailed me. So I wrote to her, got a lovely reply, told me just what to do, and I am in splendid health now."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound

conquers all those weaknesses and ailments so prevalent with the sex, and restores perfect health.

All Druggists sell it as a standard article, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints, either sex, the Compound has no rival.

Mrs. Pinkham freely answers letters of inquiry. Enclose stamp for reply.

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New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Master, Bamboland (S. Africa,) March 7, 1885.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had these sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BOMER,
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OLDEST MAN LIVING.

He Is Said to Reside in the City of Mexico.

Information comes from the City of Mexico to the effect that probably the oldest person on earth is to be found in the outskirts of this city. Jesus Campeche lives in a hut with his great-great-grandson, who is a full-grown man.

Campeche, says the St. Louis Republic, came originally from Spain, where he says he was born in 1788, which would make him now one hundred and fifty-four years old. He has the appearance of being about ninety years old and is fairly active for an old man. He shows papers to bear out his assertion as to his age and birth, and the man with whom he is living says there is no doubt as to the relationship he bears to the old man. Campeche says that he has never known a day's sickness in his life.

He says he remembers coming to this country when he was but twenty-five years old as a soldier, and that was before the war of the revolution in the United States. The old man's memory is good, and he tells of things which took place in the last century as if they had occurred last year, instead of over one hundred years ago. In fact, he remembers things seventy-five and a hundred years ago better than he does those of recent occurrence.

The papers which he carries to prove his assertions are the copies of a church register in Valladolid, Spain, showing his date of birth and that of his baptism. The papers are undoubtedly genuine, as far as the dates are concerned, and the only thing to be determined is whether they are rightfully his or not. His memory of incidents in the last century would indicate that he is either telling the truth as to his participation therein or he has a most wonderful mind to have stored up the tales in such a manner as to have deceived all who listen to him. The priest of the church which he attends is an old man of eighty-six, and says he was an acolyte in the church when he was a boy, and Campeche was an old man at that time.

SAVED BY A SWOON.

An Escaped Lion Sniffs at an Unconscious Woman, But Does Her No Harm.

The circus gave Tecumseh, Ala., excitement enough on a recent Sunday to last it for a year, says the Atlanta Constitution. Forepaugh's show traveled on four trains. As it is against the Georgia laws to run through this state on Sunday it was decided to stop at Tecumseh and feed the animals and rest. At all the stations there were large crowds, and at Tecumseh there were several hundred when the last train approached. As it was slowing down one of the ferocious lions managed to tear off the door of his cage. Hector, which was the brute's name, thrust his head out right in the faces of a group of negroes who were standing on the platform. They could not have been worse scared if the evil one had dropped down among them. Hector made a leap, with open mouth, into the crowd. Such a scattering and such yelling were never seen or heard in Alabama. Some of the negroes fell down in abject fright, but the most of them struck off for home on a hard run. A dozen tried to climb telegraph poles. One man sprang down a well. Hector lit on his feet, but rolled over and over. When he got up there was hardly a man, woman or child within fifty yards. One woman, though, who had fainted was lying near the lion. With one bound he was on her, his ugly teeth showing and his tongue rolling out. The people who were looking on were horrified. The tamer was a long way off and there was no one near with a pistol or rifle. To attempt to rescue her would be almost certain death. To the astonishment of everyone the beast, instead of mangling the woman, simply sniffed the body, turned it over with his paws, and after eyeing it suspiciously walked off leisurely. He thought that the woman was dead. Hector was recaptured and recaged without trouble

A HORRIBLE INDUSTRY.

The Manufacture of Cripples a Common Practice in Spain.

The Paris gingerbread fair, as it is called, which is held every spring in the faubourg St. Antoine and Place de la Nation, is notorious for the number of natural and artificial phenomena exhibited there to the public. This year, says a correspondent in the London Standard, their number has been greatly increased by the arrival of about twenty culs-de-jatte, who are wretchedly lodged in huts on a piece of waste ground in the cour de Vincennes. These cripples, whose minute, shriveled-up legs are curled up on the boards on which they sit, form a colony, which calls to mind the cour des Miracles of former times. Every morning they all issue forth, propelling themselves with their hands, to take up their places at the fair, there to await the pence which may be thrown to them by the compassionate passers-by. Their aspect is so pitiful that it is said many of them make a rich harvest, which, however, of course goes to the beggar "farmer." It appears that twenty or thirty years ago the culs-de-jatte were almost unknown in France, and that these deplorable looking cripples are the product of what may be called an industry. Almost all these numerous deformed little creatures come from Spain, and more especially from Tolosa, or the neighborhood situated at about fifteen miles to the south of St. Sebastian. They are the outcome of the abominable practices of beggar "farmers," who seek their victims among the children of the peasants. When there is a weakly boy in the family they persuade the parents that he can never do anything but a burden to them unless they consent to have him transformed into a cul-de-jatte, and promise to pay them a trifle a day so long as the cul-de-jatte is left with them. The operation to which the unfortunate creature is subjected is as effectual as it is simple. The legs of the child are so tightly compressed that the circulation of the blood in them is stopped. Little by little the legs wither away, and the cul-de-jatte is manufactured. In 1887 Waldeck Rousseau, the minister of the interior, prohibited the introduction of these Spanish culs-de-jatte into France, but it is estimated that recently three or four hundred of the poor creatures cross the frontier every year. They are now seen in almost every town in France, and have got as far north as Belgium. To be a cul-de-jatte must be a profitable trade for the beggar farmers who manufacture them and bring them from Spain, as these traders pay the parents of the poor cripples a pittance of only fifty centimes to one franc a day for their hire.

Used to Wear Boots.

"We are the victims of fickle fashion," said F. A. Hendricks, a Boston leather manufacturer. "Formerly nearly every ten men wore boots, but now shoes are the prevailing style of footgear. As the amount of finished leather required to make one pair of boots is sufficient for nearly three pairs of shoes this variation of fashion makes matters a trifle cerulean for the tanners. For the first time in the history of the trade the upper-leather tanners are uniting to control the output and maintain living prices. The proposed curtailment this season will amount to one million sides of finished leather. Seventy-five per cent. of the eastern tanneries will either shut down or materially curtail their output."

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ENGLISH MANUFACTURERS.

Fully Awakened to the Importance of Exhibiting at the World's Fair.

Hon. Robert S. McCormick, the official representative of the exposition in London, writes that on Saturday, May 21, on which date it has been announced that the time for applications for space in the British section would expire, there were seven hundred applications on the books of the secretary of the royal commission, or an increase of three hundred and thirty in number since the early part of the preceding month. This increase is undoubtedly due to the abolition of the charge for space, as well as to the energetic work in the manufacturing towns, in which the United States consuls have taken very active part. Mr. McCormick alludes to the fact that the trade journals very generally have copied the address made by him upon the Columbian exposition at Chicago before the Society of Arts, and they have, without exception, urged the manufacturers throughout Great Britain and Ireland to send worthy exhibits to Chicago.

Mr. B. Maple, in a speech recently made before the furnishing section of the London chamber of commerce, advises all the representatives of that great industry to exhibit at Chicago notwithstanding any restrictions that might be made, because there would certainly be exhibitors in the trade from other countries. This shows that it is at last beginning to dawn upon some of the manufacturers that they must protect their trade in other parts of the world than the United States, and that to make a good exhibit at Chicago is an important step in that direction.

Mr. McCormick, in writing upon the subject of the Irish village, says that an agreement has been entered into for uniting the interests of the Donegal Industrial fund, represented by Miss Earnest Hart, and the Irish Industrial association, over whose operations the countess of Aberdeen presides. The Irish village will be constructed, provided satisfactory arrangements can be made for the concession. It is intended that the Irish village shall be a permanent stall or bazar for the sale of Irish goods, and the profits, after paying the cost of the village and the expenses of its maintenance during the exposition, will be divided equally between Mrs. Hart's Donegal fund and the Irish Industrial association. Information as to how far these ladies can carry out their intentions of establishing such a bazar for the sale of Irish products has been requested by Mr. McCormick, and upon receiving it he will forward more explicit details concerning them. In some instances samples of Irish laces, linens, and other fabrics have been sent to Mrs. Potter Palmer.

HEADLESS BODIESS.

The Ghastly Discovery Recently Made in the Mountains of Utah.

A most ghastly discovery was made by Harvey Thomas, a prospector in the mountains to the south of Salt Lake City. He had been trying to follow a blind lead for some time under the belief that he would find an old abandoned mine, of which many stories have been told. He followed what he considered an old trail deep into the mountains and came to a place which showed signs of having been once inhabited. Deep into the canyon, which was almost hidden at the mouth of a heavy growth of bushes and vines, he found a stone house. It was small, and had apparently been made for the purpose of holding something which was never to get out, for there was neither door nor window. The place showed such evidence of great age that Thomas had no scruples in breaking into the house, and the sight which met his gaze when he did so nearly caused him to faint.

Lying on the floors and propped up around the walls of the little stone house were the headless bodies of seventeen people. The bodies had been prepared in some way and retained their form and appearance as if they had been dead only a short time. Not a head was found about the place. The bodies were those of men and women and two children. On reporting the discovery at Salt Lake an investigation was made, and the belief is general that the bodies are those of people who were killed in one of the many early Mormon wars which took place when the country was being settled. What has been done with the heads is a mystery which no one has attempted to solve. There was nothing about the bodies to give the slightest clew to their identity.

WRAPPED WITH SNAKES.

Adventure of a Farmer Who Descended Into an Old Well.

Alexander Krolsky, a farmer near Derby Hill, Conn., recently had an experience with snakes that has rendered him temporarily insane, and the physicians are not sure that he will ever regain his reason. Krolsky went down into a well on his farm for the purpose of cleaning it out. He had been down but a few minutes when he shouted to his cousin, who had lowered him, to draw him up. The man began pulling up the rope. When he had helped Krolsky nearly to the top he looked down and saw several black and brown water snakes were around Krolsky's arm and body.

The sight of the serpents scared the man, and, dropping the rope, he ran howling away. Krolsky's shrieks were heard by laborers a short distance away, and they ran to the well. Krolsky was battling desperately with the snakes. He was quickly helped out. From his body five immense snakes were torn and killed. His mind is now deranged. The old well in which he encountered the reptiles is apparently full of them. A lantern lowered into it revealed a countless number of serpent heads protruding from the wall.

Esquimaux for the Fair.

The schooner Evelina is being fitted out at Halifax, N. S., for a voyage to the northern part of Labrador. She will go as far north as possible, when ten or twelve families of Esquimaux, about fifty or sixty persons in all, will be engaged to go to the world's fair at Chicago. Dogs, fishing gear and all implements used by them will be brought along. Messrs. Tabor and Vincent, of Washington territory, are here superintending the fitting up of the schooner. Prof. Reid, of Harvard; Dr. Baur, the eminent naturalist, and one of the first scientists of America, will join the vessel here the first of next week and proceed on her to select the Esquimaux. They will also be accompanied by a professor from Quebec and one from Newark. On her return, which will be in about two months' time, the schooner will proceed to Boston with her strange cargo and they will be sent to Chicago from there.

Lightest Bicycle in the World.

Berlo, a European bicyclist, has had specially made for him the lightest pneumatic-tired safety bicycle ever made in the world. It weighs exactly eighteen and one-half pounds. The average weight of racing "safeties" is twenty-five pounds. Berlo had to "honeycomb" the nuts, bolts and washers and lighten the frame even more than the most reckless manufacturer would have dared. The tires weigh two pounds eight ounces. The rear wheel is twenty-eight inches. The machine is geared to sixty-eight inches. The rat-trap pedals weigh exactly twelve ounces.

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Only Ostrich Farm Well of Exhibits—A Novel and Instructive Exhibit for the Coming World's Fair.

Oakewood, just below the [illegible] suburb, is boasting of its only ostrich farm in the country outside of Africa, says the Chicago News.

The California-African Ostrich company has thirty-three of the long-necked bipeds strutting in the yard of their beautiful spot of [illegible] acres. They brought his long-needed pets from the Pacific coast by the overland route. The birds arrived on Thursday night and were taken to their new quarters the next day, marched down the road into the inclosure and almost immediately finished the fence to their satisfaction, seventeen hens and two cocks are to form part of the ostrich exhibit at the world's fair exhibit, and more will be hatched here through the efforts of the company. Here, the real estate dealers say, has been built at Oakwood, the ostriches will now be put through the process of incubation. Several eggs were considered an unusually large lot, all strong, healthy specimens. They come from the ostrich farm in San Diego, and are the offspring of [illegible] birds brought from Algiers by Ringgar Johnson in [illegible] over one hundred left [illegible] him, and what was an experiment years ago is now regarded as a success.

The older birds at the Oakwood farm have plumes of a beautiful white, but the hens and chicks can look [illegible] without examining a specimen at five years of age. They are [illegible] and, although the birds are twenty-five years, they have been known to live much longer. The [illegible] are valued at [illegible] dollars each, and are good for many dollars' worth of plumes each year. They are plucked [illegible] months. Manager Johnson has named the giant turkeys after [illegible] of the day. Gail Hamilton, [illegible] taken with a Debsertonian [illegible] walk and a flirtation [illegible] eye, is far from being an ostrich, and suggested Benjamin Harrison [illegible] bright, not very large, but [illegible] lively and provocative. Among [illegible] Blaine was sold to a Denver [illegible] but before the sale was consummated John L. Sullivan [illegible] Hamilton. Grover Cleveland is a huge fellow, black and brown, with an [illegible] agreed to his bill and a soft spot in his heart for Gail Hamilton.

"I believe an ostrich farm could be operated here as a permanent thing," said Mr. Johnson. "Without any stand a deal of cold, and I am going to test this lot of birds this year. I think they'll breed here all right. In a few days I will have a Petaluma incubator all set up, ready for hatching. I had the ostriches ostriched, grain, vegetables and grass. Yes, they will eat nails, but Oh rather they'd take something not quite so long—glass, for instance. They swallow such things to help them digest more their food for digestion. It doesn't hurt them," and he threw a large California onion to Gail Hamilton, who swallowed it at a gulp, and another and another, until her distended neck looked like a section of a bamboo fishing rod with the knobs six inches apart.

Remarkable Plans for a Tower.

A movement is on foot to erect a tower in the vicinity of the world's fair grounds which is to eclipse that Ferris wonder, the Eiffel tower. Those interested in it say that it is to cost one million dollars. The tower is to be of a circular in form, and one thousand two hundred and forty-two feet in height. It is said that a double track electric railway is to be operated on a winding track,